

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

THE *Nation*

October 22, 1955 / 20c

THE RECKLESS LEGION ... *by Bert Collier*

Colonialism: a New Challenge

by Edgar Snow

In Defense of Movie Music

by Dore Schary

OCT 24 1955

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
Johnson City, Tennessee

In This Issue:

EDITORIALS

- 333 • Nationalism-Colonialism:
The New Challenge
by EDGAR SNOW
- 343 • The Shape of Things
- 355 • Wallace Stevens: 1875-1955
by JOHN CIARDI

ARTICLES

- 336 • The Reckless Legion
by BERT COLLIER
- 338 • The "Ute" Scandal
by WARWICK C. LAMOREAUX
- 339 • Respectable Racism
by DAN WAKEFIELD
- 341 • Morocco and the U.S.
by ALEXANDER WERTH
- 343 • British Labor's Dilemma
by T. BALOGH

BOOKS

- 345 • The Parody of a Hero
by GEORGE DANGERFIELD
- 346 • The Shrinking Security Yardstick
by ANTHONY LEWIS

346 • Books in Brief

348 • THEATER
by SHEPARD TRAUBE

350 • RECORDS
by B. H. HAGGIN

351 • ART
by A. L. CHANIN

opposite

352 • CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 642
by FRANK W. LEWIS

opposite

333 • LETTERS

In Defense of Movie Music
by DORE SCHARY

Letters

In Defense of Movie Music

Dear Sirs: In the issue of September 24, 1955, Robert Hatch launches an impassioned attack on music in pictures. Unfortunately, his passion does not match the facts. His attack is as old-fashioned as the scores which he abuses.

Mr. Hatch should go to see more pictures. Picture-makers, including, I may add, composers, have long recognized the childishness of creating scores for every minute of any given motion picture. For many years now music has been used more sparingly, and many of the clichés that Mr. Hatch rumbles about have long since disappeared. Every once in a while there is some reversion, but this is normal in any field of artistic expression.

But let me present some evidence to prove my point. I will talk about some M. G. M. pictures because I know about them, though I am certain a similar case could be made for pictures at other studios. "Executive Suite" did not have a note of music—not even in the introductory title. While this was a suggestion of both Mr. John Houseman, the producer, and myself, Mr. Johnny Green, the director of our music department, not only endorsed the notion but worked ingeniously for sound effects which were substituted for music. "Blackboard Jungle" is scored in only the main and end titles, but it was done so effectively that the song used, "Rock Around the Clock," was rocketed into number-one position on the Hit Parade for many weeks. The picture "Bad Day at Black Rock," out of a running time of one hour and twenty-eight minutes, used exactly nine minutes of music. The new motion picture, "Trial," again uses only an opening and end title, because all of us felt in this particular kind of picture, which is harsh and realistic, we did not need or want a musical score.

There are any number of pictures, however, that profit by music. It is not true that music makes the job easier for the directors and actors. Music, under ideal circumstances, is employed to supplement all other effort that has gone into the making of a film, to permit an audience to enjoy it to its fullest extent. Music, properly employed, heightens emotional response, can create greater appreciation of the effects intended; i.e., the effective use of music in the opening of "Great Expectations." Pictures like "A Place in the Sun" (a Paramount

Picture), or "Ivanhoe" (M. G. M.), or "From Here to Eternity" (Columbia), "High Noon" (Stanley Kramer), or "Shane" (Paramount), were all aided by beautiful and effective scores.

The suggestion that the use of music encourages actors to be incompetent is as careless a statement as I have ever read in movie criticism. Mr. Hatch doesn't know actors—or at least not good ones. Anyone who knows anything about them knows they usually don't want anything to intrude on their performance—not music, not another actor, and very often not even the director.

When Mr. Hatch says that "movie music is rarely music in any real sense, but has a quality of its own," he is indulging in the kind of esoteric double-talk that is quite difficult to follow. What kind of quality does movie music have? Is it the quality of dialogue—or painting—or a foreign language, perhaps Sanskrit? Is Mr. Hatch aware of the enormous musical accomplishments and contributions to American music of men such as Max Steiner, Franz Waxman, Miklos Rozsa, Bronislau Kaper, Alfred Newman, Dimitri Tiomkin, and countless others?

Mr. Hatch should make himself available to some professional picture-makers who will prove conclusively that the music is not "poured" over the pictures indiscriminately. Perhaps Mr. Hatch wrote his piece with his tongue in his cheek and his logic someplace else—perhaps he wrote it just to stir up an answer such as this. If the reason is the latter, he's stirred it up. I suggest Mr. Hatch go to the movies more frequently, and I think he'd come up with an angry answer to his own article.

DORE SCHARY
Culver City, Calif.

Mr. Hatch's Reply

Dear Sirs: It is probable that Mr. Schary has caught me in a common fallacy—that of recalling more vividly the incidents that prove one's point than those that oppose it. I am forced by his evidence to admit that my complaints were too sweeping.

However, the kind of musical interference that irritates me still occurs. I have just seen a forthcoming picture—not an M. G. M. release—in which moments of high tension are underlined by assertive orchestration. One such moment I noticed particularly because all the logic of the situation seemed to me to demand silence.

When music is used to "heighten emotional response" or to "startle or frighten audiences into greater appreciation of the effects intended," I think it trespasses on acting and directness, and is being used to elicit from the audience a response that the situation or performance would not produce. This may "aid" the picture from the producer's point of view, but it makes me dig in my heels in the suspicion that I am being tricked.

ROBERT HATCH
New York, N. Y.

More on Holohan

Dear Sirs: In re the piece on the Holohan case, I remember Holohan very well from the S. E. C. days. He was an extremely forthright, persistent and, if I may say so, a somewhat obstinate person with a strong will and ability to work hard. The whole thing to me is a very shocking matter, and the description of the activities of the Pentagon in this connection increases rather than diminishes the sense of shock that the whole matter arouses. The opinion that the two men allegedly involved in this affair could not be prosecuted in the United States for their conduct seems to have been arrived at from the standpoint of a desire to wash one's hands of the entire matter rather than as a thorough and considered opinion based upon the laws that govern such things.

JAMES M. LANDIS
New York, N. Y.

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
J. Alvarez del Vayo, Foreign Editor

Freda Kirchwey, Editorial Contributor

Harold Clurman, Theater

Robert Hatch, Films

B. H. Haggin, Music

Caroline Whiting, Books

Alfred Maund, Copy and Makeup

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

Martin Solow, Assistant to the Publisher

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Bruce Catton, Maxwell Geismar, Keith Hutchison, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson.

The Nation, October 22, 1955, Volume 181, No. 17

The Nation, published weekly by The Nation Company and copyright, 1955, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879 at the Post Office of New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Reentered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Montgomery, Alabama. Printing Office, 1603 Reuben Street.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year \$7; Two years \$12; Three years \$17. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian \$1.

Change of Address: Three weeks notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

Nationalism-Colonialism: The New Challenge (I)

by Edgar Snow

This is the first of two guest editorials on a new major threat to world peace. Edgar Snow, a frequent contributor to The Nation, is the author of "Red Star Over China" and other books on international affairs.

THE UNEASY peace of Europe is now poised on what Churchill called the balance of terror inherent in possession of absolute weapons on both sides. But will the very knowledge that the major atomic powers dare not use their thermonuclear thunderbolts now encourage a new crop of conventional wars in the corridors of world power—including rebellions, civil wars, and national colonial revolutions?

Events indicate that such might prove to be the case unless the "new friendliness" fairly quickly broadens to something beyond a mutual *nyet* on the H-bomb.

Right now, as Allied foreign ministers prepare to meet once more to talk about disarmament and Germany, two post-Geneva developments are disturbing those who made the error of supposing that "peaceful coexistence" could possibly mean a blissful settling down to things as they are. Mr. Dulles and his intimates are vexed by various signs of West European complacency which, it is feared, foreshadow a premature weakening or even total disintegration of NATO. There has been what James Reston of the *New York Times* (October 9) described as "a serious slippage in the Western position." Britain precipitately announced a planned reduction in her fighting services by about 100,000 men. Similar cuts were contemplated in France before the North African crisis.

Western Europeans now seem convinced that Russia's price for releasing Eastern Germany cannot be reduced below its own participation in NATO—or possibly a separate, but general, security pact. Either one would have the effect of neutralizing Germany. It would also virtually end NATO. Yet reports suggest that sentiment in Western Europe is now tending toward the idea of discussing such an alternative if, in exchange, Russia would agree to lower the iron curtain all along the line.

Considered with another development, the new complacency seems especially alarming to incurable believers in the possibility of a status-quo world. This second development is of course the recrudescence of

anti-colonial activity over widely scattered areas. This, we may as well remind ourselves, is still known among the Reds as "anti-imperialist liberation." Closely related to colonial troubles, as well as to European relaxation, and yet with aspects of an independent problem is the moral, political, and material support which rebels have been receiving from the Asian-African bloc, as well as from Russia. Particularly disturbing to some was the unexpected support given to the Algerians in the U. N. The Communist powers and the Asian-African bloc, joined by the Philippines, Greece, and six normally pro-United States South American states, defeated France's demands to deny the Algerian nationalists a hearing before the General Assembly.

GREECE had earlier insisted that Cyprus's plea for self-determination also be considered. This brought it into conflict with the British in the U. N., as well as with its neighbor and ally, Turkey. Athens had evidently expected support from Mr. Dulles, not unreasonably in view of the United States Congressional resolution which pledged faithful adherence and support for our badly tattered Wilsonian principles. The fact was, however, that the American delegation joined Turkey and Britain in defeating the motion. That helped explain Greece's vote against France on Algeria—another split in the NATO front. Awaiting its turn before the U. N. also is Yemen, where the Arabs want Aden and its oil riches. Our British allies face more agitation in Central America. Guatemala and Honduras demand a plebiscite for British Honduras. Argentina is claiming the Falkland Islands. Meanwhile Britain's problems on the other side of the world include guerrillas in the Malayan jungle and a political powder keg in the bastion of Singapore itself.

On top of this the Russians have separately announced their entry into the arms trade in the Mediterranean area—hitherto a closed Anglo-American market for such material. Egypt has signed a contract to buy munitions from Czechoslovakia. In reply to criticism, Prague declared that its guns are available to any state with the ability to pay—including Israel. The possibilities of serious mischief which might arise out of direct or indirect Soviet arming of Arab rebels in the Middle East and Moslems across North Africa are obvious.

Nor are they easily reconciled with those who believe that the "new friendliness" ought to embrace also the sentiments of semi-colonial and colonial peoples, as well as newly liberated Asian-African nationalists toward their masters and former masters.

This does not exhaust the list of immediate troubles stirring along the periphery of the NATO political system. But it is enough to show that nationalism and colonialism, key issues for a century, are once more visibly a major, if not the very first, threat to Western unity and world peace. For this time the movement has gathered behind it the political strength and confidence of millions of newly liberated ex-colonials. They are full of ambitions born of the victory of Communist and national revolutions which have put well over a billion men and women of the East in sovereign status.

This threat is also a collective challenge—addressed not just to colonial powers or the United States, but to all the advanced nations of the world. It is inevitably also a direct challenge to the U. N. made up of those nations. Indeed the U. N. may stand or fall by its usefulness in working out peaceful solutions for the colonial and under-developed areas of the world involved in this new upsurge. If such solutions are not speedily found out, and in accordance with basic principles of the U. N. Charter, Africa and the remaining colonial countries of the world may soon be embarked on even bloodier roads certain to renew the peril to world peace. Can we in America escape responsibility for urging a speedy and realistic approach to the whole question of colonies and the complex and enormous human needs of the under-developed land? The answer seems to be in another question. Can we avoid competitive coexistence? For that is the essence of the new challenge.

The Shape of Things

Square Ds and Perfect Circles

The relative absence of violent strikes in the last decade, coupled with widespread acceptance of the principles of collective bargaining which came as an aspect of New Deal labor legislation, has created the illusion that labor's gains are a permanent part of the postwar social structure. But here and there storm signs have begun to appear on the horizon. For one thing, recent strikes, while few in number, have been unusually embittered and protracted. The U. A. W.'s strike at the Kohler plant in Wisconsin is now in its nineteenth month. The Packinghouse Workers-C. I. O. strike against the Colonial Provision Company in Boston is now nearly a year old. Still another sign: Justice Carroll G. Walter's sweeping permanent injunction (state supreme court in New York) prohibiting District 65 of the Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Employees from picketing a non-union shop which had discharged an employee who belonged to the union.

The New York *Daily News* characterized the injunction as "far more drastic than anything handed down in the last thirty years in any New York state or federal court."

An even more significant warning signal is Governor George N. Craig's invocation of full martial law in three areas of eastern Indiana affected by the U. A. W.'s strike against the Perfect Circle Corporation. The declaration of martial law came in the wake of an outburst of violence in which eight persons were wounded. Shots were fired from within the plant into a crowd of more than a thousand demonstrators at the gates. The first invocation of martial law in connection with a labor dispute since 1941, Governor Craig's action carries the unmistakable accent of a phase of industrial relations so thoroughly discredited that it seemed unlikely ever to be revived. The proclamation has an almost nineteenth-century sweep and vigor. Judge Wesley J. Ratcliff of Henry County has announced, after reading the proclamation, that his court will be suspended for the duration of martial law. Judge Ratcliff objects, as well he might, to a section of the proclamation which states that the military authorities should "conduct the affairs of this district in cooperation with the civil authorities, which shall become . . . an agency of the military." From the Square D strike in Detroit (*The Nation*, December 4, 1954) to Indiana's Perfect Circle, there has been a noticeable stiffening of employer reflexes—as though the militancy of American labor were being deliberately probed and tested.

New Anti-Labor Front

Square D and Perfect Circle are not the only signs that distorted and outmoded anti-labor attitudes still survive despite a decade of industrial relations characterized by a relative absence of strife and violence. A new nation-wide anti-labor front is being forged at the moment under the auspices of the Committee for Constitutional Government. The objective: to launch a campaign for an amendment to the Taft-Hartley Act which would outlaw the union shop. In the drive for funds to finance this brash undertaking, careful stress is being laid on the forthcoming C. I. O.-A. F. of L. merger which, it is said, "seriously threatens our republic." The campaign aims at reaching "one million leadership individuals." Closely related to this effort is the formation in Memphis of the Committee for the Forty-Eight States. The new group seeks to raise a huge war chest to further a drive for constitutional amendments: the Bricker amendment, the Reed-Dirksen amendment to limit federal income taxes to a 25 per cent maximum, the Byrd-Bridges amendment requiring a balanced budget unless Congress approves an unbalanced one by a three-fourths vote, the Mundt-Coudert amendment which would rob city voters of proportionate election power by reestablishing the Electoral College in line with Congressional districts, and the Reed-Walter amendment to give states the

The NATION

power to amend the Constitution without the intervention of Congress. None of these amendments is specifically anti-labor, but all five have been selected as points around which a rally-to-the-Right might be organized. This is, of course, the kind of rally or "front" which was often used in the past to screen an anti-labor offensive. In retrospect Square D and Perfect Circle may be regarded as preliminary skirmishes in what may yet prove to be a major battle to rob American labor of the basic gains which it has made in the last fifteen or twenty years.

Those Secret Microphones

The great editorial and Congressional hue and cry that has been raised over the disclosure that microphones were concealed in a Wichita jury room is directly related not to the merits of the issue, which are important and worthy of comment, but to the current campaign to "smear" the Ford Foundation and the Fund for the Republic. The case is ideally adapted to these purposes. It involves legal scholars at the University of Chicago, an institution which must be punished because its former president has been identified with the Ford Foundation and the Fund. The Ford Foundation, of course, financed the research on the jury system out of which the incident arose.

Not only is the sound and fury which the case has aroused somewhat suspect because of its motivation but it seems oddly out of relation to the known facts. Microphones were concealed in the jury rooms in six civil cases with the consent of Federal District Judge Delmas Hill and Circuit Judge Orrie L. Phillips. Counsel for the both parties consented. The local United States Attorney gave his approval. The study was endorsed by five past presidents of the Association of American Law Schools and by a number of distinguished jurists and legal scholars. A total of not more than eight or ten persons, all connected with the project, had access to the recordings which were regarded as confidential scientific material. There was no intention of making the material public. This summer, however, some of the recordings were played back to a conference of jurists but care was taken to remove all clues which might have made identification possible.

Perhaps the experiment did transgress on the secrecy of jury proceedings; but there was nothing surreptitious about it. Yet it has provoked a Congressional hearing, denunciation by the Attorney General and his assistants, demands for the impeachment of a federal judge, and proposals for legislation which would make it a crime to conceal microphones in jury rooms. Even so the agitation may serve a public purpose if it provides Senators Eastland and Jenner, and Mr. Brownell, with an opportunity to clarify their views on wiretapping. It was Mr. Brownell, wasn't it, who sponsored a wiretap bill before Congress which would have allowed him to designate those whose telephone lines were to be tapped, for purposes which can hardly be described as

October 22, 1955

scientific, and in whose homes and offices secret microphones were to be planted? Is the jury room more sacred than a man's home? Should it be made a criminal offense to eavesdrop on the deliberations of a jury weighing the issues in a personal injury suit while eavesdropping on private conversations is regarded as perfectly proper? Mr. Brownell should make another speech and let us all know just where he stands on wiretapping.

A Matter of Magnitude

Optimists in the ranks of the economic forecasters continue to brush aside warnings of a possible downturn in the business cycle with airy assurances that, in an election year, the Administration would be quick to safeguard its favorite campaign theme—"prosperity"—by large-scale governmental intervention aimed at stimulating new investment. These assurances usually fail to take into account the magnitude of the new investment that might be required to maintain present levels of income and employment. An analysis in the September issue of the *Illinois Business Review* suggests that a decline in the annual rate of investment of \$50,000,000,000 might have to be taken into account should there be a major American depression. The growth of the economy since 1929 has, of course, changed the magnitudes involved. "The potential magnitude of such a decline," to quote from the analysis, "is far in excess of any contemplated government action." In other words, the assurances become less convincing as one substitutes the question, "How much will government do?" for the question, "Will government intervene?" The first question gives rise to numerous doubts and queries. For example, military appropriations that could be obtained with relative ease during the coldest of the cold-war years might not be so easily obtained tomorrow. A related problem is that expenditures by state and local governments are affected by the rate of private investment; if the latter declines, the former are also likely to decline. In short the willingness of the Administration to intervene may be taken for granted; but this does not mean, as the editor of the *Review* observes, that "the problem of stabilization has been solved."

Wallace Stevens 1879-1955

Wallace Stevens is dead and one of the sources of order in our time is no longer there. The created order remains there in the poems, to be sure, but what reason is there to believe that Stevens dead will be more widely read than Stevens alive? The age would have to endure a change of imagination to enter his mind, and it is the sickness of the age that it has no such endurance in it.

For most of the serious-minded, therefore, Stevens will remain the name of an unread "poet's poet," remotely admirable and much awarded, but strictly a

property of other poets and therefore apart from the turning wheels and the business of the newsrooms.

But if so, it is the serious who are diminished. "To me," Stevens said, "poetry is a very important sanction to life—life from which traditional sanctions are disappearing." That sanction is dramatized everywhere in the poems:

I placed a jar in Tennessee,
And round it was, upon a hill.
It made the slovenly wilderness
Surround that hill.

That "made" shape of order in the slovenly wilderness is more than esthete's play. It is not a specific concern of poets, but of every human. For an age, finally, exists

in its own mind, and the literal-serious must learn that this age will never stand as high in its own mind as Stevens has stood for it.

Let it pass. Our poets, even the great ones, are nothing to us. Why pretend they are? Stevens is dead. The book is there to be read. And mostly it will not be read. *Vale*. And write on the stone this line: "What has there been to love that I have not loved?"

Then let the forecasters, the seers, the insiders, and the mystics at the teletypes find the age if they can. But try to imagine that line across the front of a public building or on the seal of the War Department and see if the age does not become more visible in its failure.

JOHN CIARDI.

THE RECKLESS LEGION

UNESCO Smeared Again . . . by Bert Collier

Miami, Florida
DURING the American Legion's Miami convention last week a hush-hush but bitter intramural fight raged over whether the Legion should approve the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) and participate in its program, or reject it as a force toward world government. The enemies of UNESCO were victorious.

In condemning UNESCO and asking Congress to investigate its activities the Legion acted swiftly and without open debate. Not a voice was raised in public to resolve the controversy that seethed for days behind the guarded doors of committee rooms and kept Legion brass on tiptoes of suspense. But in avoiding an open fight, the Legion left unanswered the questions and issues raised in the long struggle over UNESCO.

ON ONE side was the Legion's special committee on the Covenant of Human Rights and United Nations, which submitted a report clearing UNESCO of charges of subversion. In giving UNESCO a clean bill of health the committee, headed by Ray Murphy, former national com-

mander of the Legion, said: "We have been deeply disturbed by an intolerance and implacability of attitudes that we have found all too prevalent and which can serve no one well."

The open opposition to UNESCO included the Americanism committee of the Legion's Eighth Texas District. This group issued a document severely criticizing the Legion's top officials for their handling of the Murphy report. "We are at a loss to understand why the national leadership of the Legion would permit the un-American and un-democratic procedure of presenting one side of a vital issue to the Legion membership and deny the other side an opportunity to present its case," the Texas group said. The Texans asserted that national headquarters refused circulation of a special Legion study unfavorable to UNESCO while publicizing the Murphy report before official action was taken, and leaking copies to unauthorized agencies, including the United States Department of State.

Militant opposition to the Murphy report came from Lieutenant Sumter T. Lowry, retired National Guard officer who flew to Miami to condemn the Murphy "whitewash." Lowry said he had "plenty of ammunition" to fire on the question, but the barrage was delivered in

secret committee sessions. Perhaps the most powerful voice in the last-minute maneuverings was that of Lieutenant General George E. Stratemeyer, retired former commander of the Far East air forces. He wrote the convention urging that the Murphy report be "overwhelmingly rejected."

AS THE HOUR of decision approached at Miami, it was obvious that the big interest of Legion leadership was to avoid an open struggle. Committee consideration of the twelve resolutions dealing with UNESCO and the Murphy study went on in secret. Newsmen covering the story were urged to report nothing unless it came from an official source. In the final stages the UNESCO issue was in the hands of a special subcommittee of twelve which met behind closed doors. As reporters waited outside, with no word trickling through the guarded portals, they amused themselves by questioning passing Legionnaires about what was happening inside.

John McElhaney, World War I veteran from Long Island, voiced a general reaction: "I don't know anything about it. That's up to the brass. I'm just a buck private."

The subcommittee's report was kept secret until a few moments before National Commander Seaborn

BERT COLLIER is on the staff of the Miami Herald.

Collins called the matter up for action on the convention floor and handed down the word to the "buck privates."

The report was a complete repudiation of the Murphy committee. It criticized "certain segments of the press" for citing the Murphy report as evidence that the Legion had reversed its long opposition to UNESCO. "The American Legion's policy is now, as it has always been, in opposition to UNESCO," the subcommittee said, and asked for three specific actions to strengthen and intensify the Legion's stand:

Congress should repeal laws creating the United States National Commission for UNESCO; also, Congress should mandate all United States government agencies to "desist from further dissemination of UNESCO and United States National Commission for UNESCO materials, reports and programs"; and Congress should investigate UNESCO to determine if it is violating provisions of the Congressional resolution under which the United States participates in its program.

SWIFTLY the report was adopted in a voice vote, without debate. Afterward, when the Iowa department commander, Churchill T. Williams, asked that his state's 109 delegate votes be recorded against the report, he was ruled out of order. "We fully expected this ruling," Williams said. "A lot of people are against UNESCO who do not even know what it is." Iowa's opposition to the convention action, he said, was a gesture of confidence in the integrity of Ray Murphy. Murphy was a state official in Iowa when he served as national Legion commander in 1935.

The Legion's blow at UNESCO was more than a reiteration of a stand which the organization has maintained since 1953. It repudiated the Murphy committee, which traced opposition to UNESCO to outside sources arising in the National Action League, an organization designated "Fascist" by the Attorney General, and in the American Flag Committee. The vote was a stinging slap at the Legion's national leadership and headquarters staff for giving any weight and consideration to the Murphy report. In this aspect the struggle over



UNESCO was a reflection of old charges of "king-makers" and "ruling cliques" in the Legion, which cropped up in another way at the Miami convention when the "blue-cap boys," the Legion's rank and file, attempted to clip the power of the "red-cap boys"—national officers and committeemen—by a liberalization of voting procedures. The movement failed.

The history of the UNESCO controversy presents a startling picture of hidden pressures. The first Legion action on UNESCO was a vote of censure by the national executive committee in May, 1953. At the national convention five months later, the Committee on the Covenant of Human Rights (Murphy committee) was directed to study the agency.

Members of this committee, besides Murphy, included Paul M. Herbert, former department commander and former lieutenant governor of Ohio; the Reverend Gordon L. Kidd, a Hyde Park minister and former New York department chaplain; Jacob Ark, Rochester, New York, attorney and former department commander; Mrs. Harold S. Burdette, Brooklyn, past president of the Legion's National Auxiliary, and William McKinley, Jersey City executive of the Bell Telephone Company, and a member of the Legion's national executive committee. It is of some interest to note that McKinley was a member of the convention subcommittee which brought in the report rejecting the work of the Murphy committee.

The Murphy group, after eighteen

months' study, returned its controversial report. It said the evidence showed UNESCO is not favorable toward world government, that its program and functions are not such as to tend toward world government, that it is not atheistic and that it is "in no sense and no degree communistic."

"We have carefully read and considered every word of every bit of testimony against UNESCO, together with every supporting document appearing in the records of all the many Congressional hearings since 1951," the committee said.

"Altogether the testimony and the documents run into thousands of pages. Running clearly through all the maze of charges and the volumes of testimony, and as clearly through the mass of give-away material spread across the nation, is a thread that leads back to 867 Granite Street, Philadelphia, and the office of the American Flag Committee and the home of its guiding genius, W. Henry MacFarland, Jr."

THE Murphy committee said the American Flag Committee was organized in 1950 for the stated purpose of "taking specific action against the widespread efforts to expand the power of the United Nations."

"Mr. MacFarland then organized the Philadelphia Committee for Nationalist Action and during the Republican and Democratic presidential conventions he and his new committee reportedly distributed an unprecedented amount of anti-United Nations, anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, anti-G. O. P., and anti-Democratic Administration literature.

"According to further reports, agents of the committee raced through hotel corridors showering scurrilous leaflets and pamphlets over transoms and through open doors, in telephone booths and public rest rooms. At this time, it is said, appeared the first printed material asserting that General Eisenhower is a 'Swedish Jew.'"

The report cites a document of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, "Preliminary Report on Neo-Fascist and Hate Groups." This traces MacFarland's connection with the publication *Common Sense*, which the committee called "a channel for hate propaganda."

"This, then," the Murphy report

continues, "is the sordid story of the beginning of the national hate campaign against UNESCO—a campaign inspired perhaps less by hatred than by hope of personal aggrandizement—the campaign of Patriots for Profit.

"There has been the good and the bad against UNESCO, and there are those who have been revealed to this special committee as unstable and irresponsible critics and pseudo-authorities in the field of UNESCO, a field which they have scarcely scratched—people who either ignore or are made furious by the facts."

But on the basis of what they called overwhelming evidence, the report continued: "This special committee can only conclude, and

does conclude, that UNESCO is not, and does not support or tend to support world government."

The special committee added a personal word in behalf of its six members that threw some light on the bitterness of the controversy which the Legion succeeded in keeping under wraps at Miami.

"The subject of our research has been involved in furious controversy, making even more difficult a major and perhaps thankless assignment, a task we have refused to shirk despite pressures put upon us to abandon it. Let us hope that not all the name calling nor all the hate propaganda that floods and seeks to divide America and the American Legion today can cast doubt

on the good faith and integrity and loyalty of the committee.

"We would have greatly preferred to have made a report today that was factual only, without the necessity of stating our conclusions.

"We have no choice in view of the nature of the task which has been ours, and in view of the fact that our intelligence, integrity and loyalty to the American Legion and to America have been questioned, and that coercive attempts have been made to thwart the mandate of the 1954 national convention that this committee continue its study. The pressures that have been put upon us are without precedent in the long and honorable history of the American Legion."

THE "UTE" SCANDAL

Co-Ops Take a Beating . . . by *W. C. Lamoreaux*

Salt Lake City

THE BLEAK and rugged terrain shared by the southern parts of Utah and Colorado offered scant attraction to private power companies a few years ago. Electricity was furnished to the area by the pioneering efforts of the Empire Electric and San Miguel Power cooperatives. Utah Power and Light Company and its subsidiary, Western Colorado Power, were not interested. But then came the discovery of some of the richest uranium deposits in the world, and all has changed. Mines and processing plants are sprouting all over the desert—and their power needs are vast.

The belatedly awakened free enterprisers are now demanding possession of the high-voltage loot, and the rural-electrification cooperatives are in a legal battle for survival. Backing the invaders is a ruling of the Utah Power Commission, whose decree permitting Utah Power and Light wires to enter the region is now under appeal before the Utah Supreme Court.

WARWICK C. LAMOREAUX is a Colorado state senator and an attorney for electrical cooperatives.

The power company came late, but it struck fast. Late in 1954 it called the state power commission's attention to a Utah statute designed to protect "public utilities" doing satisfactory jobs. Empire Electric and San Miguel Power, it argued, were not utilities and hence not entitled to legal consideration. The commission agreed. Utah Power and Light thereupon applied for permission to move in on the cooperatives. Requests by the cooperatives to file objections to the application were denied, on the ground that they were not subject to the jurisdiction of the commission. The cooperatives then took the matter to court, with a hearing scheduled for late this year.

THE issue at stake has broad importance for the rural-electrification program all over the country. In countless places, local people, starved for light and power by the indifference of private utilities companies, have negotiated government loans and formed successful cooperatives under the most primitive conditions. Does private capital now have the right to seize the fruits of their investments once the areas are developed? Judging from the situa-

tion in Colorado and Utah, the Eisenhower Administration seems to think so.

In order to make the necessary expansion for supplying the needs of the mills and mines operating in their territories, the cooperatives formed the Colorado-Ute Electric Association, a combination of four operating associations in southwest Colorado, and applied for a \$10,000,000 loan for a new plant and other facilities. The national Rural Electrification Administration forced the new association into a pseudo-partnership with Western Colorado Power, as a condition for granting the loan. Under the terms of the arrangement, the association builds the plant with government funds, but the private power subsidiary gets to operate it and to take off excess power at bare cost. The cooperatives' brief before the Utah supreme court accuses Utah Power and Light of jeopardizing the loan by the threatened invasion while at the same time finagling through its subsidiary to get the maximum benefits from the plant the loan will build.

At no time has the service rendered by the San Miguel and Em-

The NATION

pire electric associations been questioned, nor are the large corporations in the area eager for a change in their sources of power. San Miguel has depositions from United States Vanadium Corporation and the Vanadium Corporation of America, with large uranium mills at Uravan and Naturita, Colorado, calling its service "excellent." Empire received citations, under oath, of "pretty swell," and "very, very excellent," from the Diamond Match Company and the president

of the Colorado Milling Association. Other impressive depositions were also collected, but the Utah Power Commission refused to let them be read at the hearing. At the same time, it spared utilities-company witnesses cross-examination when they testified that a "dependable power supply" was needed.

But everyone is entitled to his day in court, and there will be a reckoning. The old cry of socialization of power does not ring true when the president of the invader

admits no confidence in the area, lets the people remain in darkness but for R. E. A., and then undertakes to seize the lush loads. A large Utah Power and Light stockholder, whose home had gone without power until San Miguel came in, testified: "It doesn't seem quite fair for a fellow to pioneer a country and then have some other company come in and cross his lines to go over to some mines. I think the fellow that is there now is entitled to the load that might be there."

RESPECTABLE RACISM

Dixie's Citizens Councils . . by Dan Wakefield

Jackson, Mississippi
THEIR SHIRTS aren't red and they don't wear sheets—after all, times have changed, and this is 1955. The Citizens Councils that have grown up in the South since the United States Supreme Court decision on school integration are composed of "respectable" gentlemen and ladies (there is now an auxiliary) who are dedicated to depriving the Negro of his civil rights by means of the latest, most up-to-date methods.

The movement, born in Mississippi and copied in Louisiana, Alabama, Texas, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina (with similar but differently named organizations in Missouri, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia) is a proud, flag-waving challenge to what one council leader labelled the "socialistic doctrine" passed on May 17, 1954. And it is an answer to the call of United States Senator James O. Eastland of Mississippi, who, shortly after the Supreme Court decision was rendered, declared: "We are about to embark on a great crusade. A crusade to restore Americanism, and return the control of our government to the people. . . . Generations of Southerners yet unborn will cherish our memory because they will realize

that the fight we now wage will have preserved for them their untainted racial heritage, their culture, and the institutions of the Anglo-Saxon race. We of the South have seen the tides rise before. We know what it is to fight. We will carry the fight to victory."

IN THE FACE of the rising tides, fourteen men met together in Sunflower county, Mississippi, in July, 1954, and formed the first Citizens Council. (One of those original crusaders, a thirty-two-year-old, red-headed planter from Indianola, Mississippi, who had fought the good fight as captain of Mississippi State's football team not too many years before, is now executive secretary of the state council. The zeal of this man, Robert D. "Tut" Patterson, has been rewarded with a mushrooming of Mississippi membership to more than 60,000. When recently asked what he thought about Mississippi Governor Hugh White's estimate that integration was 100 years away, Mr. Patterson promptly replied, "I say 6,000 years.")

"This isn't just a delaying action," he said. "There won't be any integration in Mississippi. Not now, not 100 years from now, maybe not 6,000 years from now—maybe never."

Attorneys, bankers, planters, mayors, former local chamber of commerce presidents, and assorted school officials are among the civic

leaders who have joined to help "Tut" Patterson hold back the flood. Just how they are going about it is rather vague, at least in official council announcements. It was first reported that the councils, although definitely opposed to violence, would keep the land pure by "economic pressure." The idea of "economic pressure" drew many bad press clippings, however, and now "Tut" Patterson says there is no such thing.

"We do not recommend economic pressure," he said. "That's false propaganda from the press. But of course, we don't denounce 'freedom of choice' in business arrangements. If employers fire their help, that's their business." When asked what methods are used in the "crusade" if violence and economic pressure are not council weapons, Mr. Patterson laughed and said "Would Montgomery Ward tell Sears Roebuck how he operates?"

One tool used by the Jackson, Mississippi, council is a mimeographed "confidential communique" mailed to members. "Confidential Communique No. 14," dated August 22, gave information about a Negro named Arrington High who publishes a newspaper urging integration. The "communique" did not suggest any action, but merely reported the situation. Soon after that, Arrington High was asked to remove his money from a local

DAN WAKEFIELD covered the Till murder trial on assignment from The Nation.

October 22, 1955

bank, and windows were smashed in his home.

The councilmen assume no responsibility. They grind out the letters on the mimeograph and hope that hate and fear will do the rest. They talk a great deal about the difference between their organization and the Ku Klux Klan, and yet the difference is slight. The klansmen hid their faces with sheets and paraded their deeds in the open. The councilmen hide many of their deeds, or at least many of the deeds their words inspire, behind memos and mimeographs and parade their faces in the open. But whether the means be a memo or a fiery cross, the end is the same—a climate of distrust and fear that breeds unsolved murders and threats of more. Phone calls threatening death are common to the Mississippi Negro leaders, and one National Association for the Advancement of Colored People official in Jackson said shots have been fired into his house.

IT CAN never, of course, be established just which of the incidents that have occurred since the growth of the councils are results, direct or indirect, of council actions. The white front is so united in many Southern towns that the law and civic leaders are often dedicated first to their racial commitments and second to the duties of office. As the Mississippi Citizens Councils' Annual Report puts it in reviewing the year's accomplishments, "The idea of solid and unified backing of circuit clerks, sheriffs, and local and state officials in the proper discharge of their sworn duties was worked out."

This racial priority was evidenced at Sumner, Mississippi, when the prosecutors in the Emmett Till murder case sent state police to search a county jail for a missing prosecution witness. It was seen by a Southern reporter who went to Belzoni, Mississippi, this May to investigate the murder of George Wesley Lee, a Negro minister who had committed the error of trying to vote. The reporter was given the names of four Negro witnesses. When he tried to find them he learned they were all in jail. The sheriff explained they were booked on charges of "stealing" although what they had stolen was strangely unknown.

But all this seems far removed from the chaste room in the Hotel Walthall in downtown Jackson, where much of the business of the Jackson Council and the state Association of Councils is carried on. There a tall, mustachioed man of thirty-nine sits at a long metal office desk with a two-volume "works" of Thomas Jefferson on it and a wrinkled map of Mississippi scotch-taped to the wall above. The man is W. J. "Bill" Simmons, who prepared for the task ahead with a B. A. at Millsaps College and graduate study at Toule, France, and the Sorbonne. He, like "Tut" Patterson and three office helpers, is a full-time council worker. Recently he volunteered to shoulder another new burden for the cause—editorship of a proposed Citizens Council newspaper that will hopefully "grow into the official organ of all Citizens Councils in the nation."

The office in Room 203 of the Walthall where this and other major plans of strategy are hatched is said to be a rent-free donation from hotel owner E. O. Spencer. Ironically enough, Mr. Spencer is a personal and political friend of Herbert Brownell, and the Attorney General supposedly uses him to dole out what Republican patronage there is in the state of Mississippi. It is a strange connection indeed that joins a patron of the councils with a man who must bear his share of responsibility for the integration decision.

The office in Jackson like the one in Winona where Patterson himself holds forth, does not hope to bind the hundreds of councils into any hierarchy or strictly defined organization. On the contrary, the looser the network the less the responsibility the leaders need to take. Mr. Simmons emphasized that the state

office has no jurisdiction over what local councils may do to help the cause in their own community.

This approach allows the leaders formally to disclaim responsibility for any group's actions—allows, for instance, "Tut" Patterson to say the councils don't use economic pressure, while at Yazoo City, fifty-three Negro signers of a petition for school integration were refused the purchase of food supplies, lost their jobs, and had their credit cut off until all but two of the original petitioners removed their names. Petitions for school integration were filed late this summer in four other Mississippi cities—Clarksdale, Vicksburg, Jackson, and Natchez. Legal technicalities that nullified the petitions were claimed by the school boards, and names of the petitioners were published in local newspapers. No list remains with all of its original signers.

AS UNWELCOME as the petitions are, however, the councils have found that they serve to awaken the whites to the "danger of mongrelization" (a favorite term of council propaganda.)

"Our Jackson council started in April with only sixty members," Bill Simmons said, "and by mid-July we had 300. But after the N. A. A. C. P. petition was filed in late July we went over 1,000 in two weeks' time."

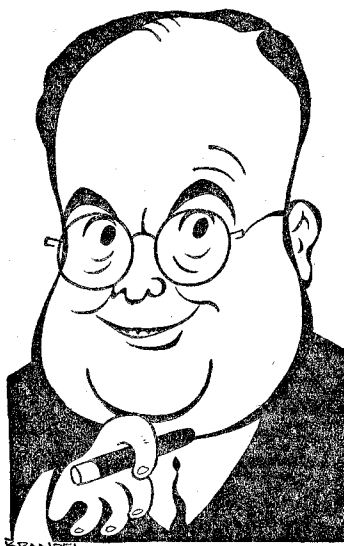
There are, of course, many sections of the South where the process of desegregation is advancing with harmony. In West Virginia, Oklahoma, Maryland, Kentucky, and Delaware, where Negroes have already started to schools with whites in one or more cities, the Association of Citizens Councils claims no foothold. It is areas such as these, proceeding calmly with integration, that are most disturbing to the councils. Wherever they can, council leaders try to monkeywrench this kind of progress. Speakers and organizers from Mississippi councils have traveled through nine other Southern states to promote their cause, and it was council pressure from Mississippi that helped slow the school integration at Hoxie, Arkansas, which had progressed without incident until white-supremacy crusaders came in with propaganda and meetings. These finally culminated in threats to the school super-



intendent and an early closing of the school's summer term.

Senator Eastland—who jumps to the call of segregation like Pavlov's dog to the sound of a bell—was one of the speakers at a meeting where men from Hoxie were asked to come for council enlightenment. This was the same enterprising Eastland who led a violent one-man Senate internal-security subcommittee investigation of the Southern Conference Educational Fund, which happened to be the only interracial group in the South pressing for desegregation.

Senator Eastland hit another high point in May when he delivered a speech to the Senate "exposing" the Supreme Court decision as a Marxist plot to destroy the government. The court, he said, had been brainwashed by left-wing pressure groups who are "part and parcel of the Communist conspiracy to destroy our country."



Senator Eastland

The integration issue has submerg-ed other political questions in the Deep South, and in many places

election campaigns have been turned into contests among the candidates to surpass each other in promises of maintaining segregation. In last year's gubernatorial election in Georgia, platform planks included pledges to go to jail if the schools were mixed, and suggestions that a state board of psychiatrists examine any white people who wanted their children to go to school with Negroes.

The "crusade" is on, sometimes attached to the name of the councils, sometimes not—but the mimeograph machines are rolling, and new "confidential communiques" are on the way. Racial suppression has been made respectable, and those who doubt it have only to ask how one may join the councils. A recent advertisement in a Clarksdale, Mississippi, newspaper urged all the whites of the county to go to "your nearest local bank" and enlist in the cause.

MOROCCO AND THE U. S.

A Time to Intercede . . by Alexander Werth

Paris, October 14

IN THE view of many observers, a solemn Anglo-American declaration urging France to adopt and execute a liberal policy toward North Africa is the most useful step that could be taken at this critical juncture in France's empire affairs. It is pointed out that the United States especially, with its important vested military interest in Morocco, is in a strategic position to demand that the present chaos be brought to an end.

The French Assembly debate on Algeria, still in progress as this is written, emphasizes Premier Faure's need for backbone. The Socialists have proposed a vote of non-confidence which is driving the Premier, who wants to hold on to his job, to seek the support of the enemies of the liberal policy he is supposed to represent. Unless the government

acquires the courage to get rough with the die-hard imperialists, the situation in neither Algeria nor Morocco is likely to improve. And most observers agree that it will be easier for Faure to get rough if he knows that he has the active support of his Western allies. Although the French die-hards in North Africa depend ultimately on Paris for their financial and military support, they persist in ignoring the will of Parliament.

The name on the lips of everybody who knows anything about Moroccan wirepulling is Emile Roche. Emile Roche, an old Radical-Socialist, and for many years the alter ego of Joseph Caillaux, is the honorary president of Radical Federations of Morocco, a pillar of the North African lobby, and the man most closely associated with the French Moroccans' organization, *Presence Francaise*. And it is they who appeared to have won over the new Resident-General, General

Boyer de La Tour, who subscribed to the astonishing plan of the puppet sultan, Ben Arafa, handing the seals of his office to an obscure cousin instead of to a Crown Council, as agreed upon at the Aix-les-Bains Conference at the end of August. Great embarrassment in Paris, contradictory statements by cabinet ministers and press officers, an attempt by *Figaro* to persuade its readers that what happened was perfectly normal, and that the regency council will be "the next step." At the same time a message from President Coty to Arafa assuring him that neither the exiled Sultan Ben Youssef nor any of his sons can possibly succeed Arafa on the Moroccan throne, whatever happens.

What it all amounts to is what could already be foreseen in Morocco a long time ago: a kind of "French separatism"—the rule of Morocco by the French settlers there, independently of Paris—has been in swing. General de Latour has ob-

ALEXANDER WERTH is a staff contributor to The Nation.

October 22, 1955

viously done what the French in Morocco demanded of him, and not what he was ordered to do by the Faure government. And meantime, north and east of Fez—in the Riff country, where Abd El Krim waged a war against the French in 1925 and 1926—an insurrection of the tribes against the French has broken out. Was this to protest the departure of Arafat, the puppet sultan? Although a few Paris papers actually suggest this, that is obviously not the reason. The reason is simply that the North African lobby had sabotaged the Crown Council, the precondition for any reasonable settlement. [The council finally came into being on October 15, with results still to be determined as this issue went to press.—THE EDITORS.]

The French Radical Party—to which such very different people as Emile Roche, "McCarthy" Martinand Deplat, Edgar Faure, and Mendes-France all belong—is, for all that, the most powerful French link with what may now rightly be called French North African "separatism." As *Temps Modernes'* issue on the French Left says:

The Radical Party does not monopolize all the links with finance and Big Business, but certainly the North African interests (Omnium Nord-African, Parisbas, Epinat, Penarroya, etc.) have a determining influence on the party, and the names of Rene Mayer, Martinand-Deplat, Emile Roche, and Borgeaud symbolize this link between the North Africa lobby and the Radical Party. . . . Every time there is a cabinet crisis, Senator Borgeaud is called in for consultation to the Elysee, and the North African lobby has an overwhelming influence on the Radical Party.

This North African separatism, if it is allowed to triumph, is rapidly leading France into the worst crisis of her history since the Liberation. Some months ago, Mendes-France told me that the next five years would be "absolutely decisive" for the future of France: either it would remain at the head of a great empire, or if it behaved stupidly, the empire would be "smashed up." He thought the next Parliament would have to face this major problem. The question that now arises is whether there is enough time left even before the next Parliament meets in the summer to save the French Empire. Recently in a speech in Normandy he again made the



Premier Faure

same prophecy about "the next five years." But time is getting short, and France may not be given five years in which to "save" its empire. And who can still save the situation? Mauriac, in one of the most vehement articles to have come from his pen, attacked Edgar Faure for playing the role of "a bogus Mendes-France," with the implication that the latter would have acted quite differently, and that France's only hope was in his return to power. Mendes-France is going to be extremely active in the coming months; he (as well as Mauriac) will contribute regular articles to a new daily, *L'Express*, which started this month. But two questions inevitably arise. Will he have the necessary strength of character to carry out a revolution in North Africa? And will the North African separatists obey him, any more than they have obeyed Faure? We know what happened to Grandval, generally believed to have been Mendes-France's nominee. Does the North Africa lobby and do the settlers believe that the time in North Africa is ripe (as was already whispered for several years past) for Malanism?

To make matters worse, Spain has been guilty of encouraging the North Africans to revolt. In a recent article in the London *Daily Express*, Sefton Delmar writes from Casablanca: "You ask me who is behind the present uprising in the Riff mountains? The answer is. . . . Franco, the dictator of fascist and anti-Communist Spain."

Everything else at the moment (the future of socialism in France, the future of the Communist Party, their respective tactics in the next

general election, etc.) seems irrelevant. The whole French scene is dominated today by this problem of North Africa; will France be able to keep it, without first having to crush a major insurrection which might be worse than another Indo-China war? The North African problem has not only poisoned the whole atmosphere in France; it is the first bucket of poison to be poured into the pure waters of "Geneva." *Aurore* announced with glee on its front page: "That ridiculous 'friendship' journey will not take place." That is, Faure's and Pinay's journey to Moscow, scheduled for October 13, was cancelled as a result of the Russian U. N. vote on Algeria.

It must be said that this vote—so different from the vote on Cyprus—created a most painful impression everywhere in France. The idea of France "walking out of U. N." created a sense of isolation and loneliness which had not been felt since the time when Churchill threatened Mendes-France with the "empty chair" if France did not ratify German rearmament. And in France, feelings about North Africa are terribly mixed. Every school child for the last fifty years has had it drummed into him that North Africa was the "natural extension" of France, and to most it is still inconceivable that North Africa may be lost. On the whole, too, there is no active liking for the North Africans—there are nearly 500,000 hungry Algerians in France. But few people seem to know what exactly should be done about the problem.

If North Africa were lost, there would be terrible bitterness and frustration in France. France would become more and more "continental," and in time might well come more and more under the influence of Germany, especially a united one, and Russia. Insofar as any advice can be offered, I should say it was this: The French government is weak and isolated, and is more and more conscious of its utter helplessness to deal with North Africa. If Britain and the United States do not wish to see France hopelessly weakened and demoralized (and this would eventually lead France to turn away from the West and turn East) they should strongly intervene in favor of a liberal policy in North Africa.

BRITISH LABOR'S DILEMMA

Needed: a Positive Platform . . by T. Balogh

London
THE CONFERENCE of the British Labor Party which has just ended may well decide its fortunes for a long time to come. The question is whether the party can find new inspiration and a new program or will remain content in hoping for a new spell of power entirely on the basis of Tory mistakes and the inevitable swing of the political pendulum. Two lost elections testify to the futility of that hope. But the dominant trade-union leadership seems well content to keep its political partner in the wilderness, checking Tory exuberance but unable to carry out a policy of purposive planning for collective action.

The 1951 election was fought with incredible political ineptitude during a financial crisis subtly analogous to 1931 which Labor had neither the foresight nor the determination to master. But Labor still had two powerful arguments to counter the Tory drive toward "economic freedom." The first was that the Conservative Party could not be trusted with foreign policy and the maintenance of peace. The second was that they could not be trusted with full employment. Otherwise Labor, exhausted after the effort of 1945-49, had hardly any positive program. What it promised then, and continues to promise, was consolidation. What it aimed at was to give least offense.

Both arguments have proved dangerous. In foreign affairs, the Conservative Party cut rearmament by half, and succeeded in eliciting, just before the last election, American consent to high-level talks. On the economic front Labor's discomfiture was not less complete. True enough, Tory "free enterprise" involved high rates of interest in 1952 and a rise of unemployment. But Labor's sat-

isfaction was temporary. By 1953 a fortunate conjuncture of circumstances and sharp cuts in Labor's original rearmament plans had sufficiently improved the balance of payments to enable the Conservatives to reverse the trend and inaugurate a policy of rapid expansion.

NOW, after two consecutive electoral defeats, is the time for a radical change in strategy and tactics. The Tories, too, after 1945 went through a period of "self-criticism." Lord Woolton took charge of the party organization and built up a machine whose functioning is as esthetically pleasing as a well-conducted opera. And a team of very un-Baldwinian intellectuals under Mr. Butler reshaped policy. The former was entirely in keeping with tradition. The latter was hard for Conservatives to swallow, especially when the biennial financial crises and the preaching (if not practice) of austerity made Labor look so vulnerable and a Conservative victory so easy to obtain without bothering about a "new look" in policy. The fact that Mr. Butler successfully resisted the pressure has much to do with the resurgence of his party's mass support.

Now that "free enterprise" once more looks less capable of giving both guns and butter the temptation of Labor will be equally cruel. It could sit back and wait until the disgruntlement of an ill-assorted but growing number of special-interest groups voted it back to office, sedulously refraining from any new ideas—for ideas might alienate votes—and being interested in power *per se* rather than policies based on some concept of social needs and justice.

I do not believe that it is by a retreat from planned collective action toward opportunistic opposition that Labor can in its turn look for salvation. A bunch of oligarchic office-seekers looking round for grievances to put "in" might (though I doubt it) be capable of

achieving electoral victory in the United States, with its more evenly balanced social structure and gullibility. It would not work in Britain. And it clearly shows the superior insight of Mr. Butler that he resisted the same temptation in 1947 and 1949 to scrap his positive program.

The parallel is obvious. The Conservative administration is now obviously in some difficulty of its own creation not unlike Dalton's or Cripps's tribulations. The desire in the Labor Party must be great to forget the lesson of 1952 and throw all basic criticism of the policy of "liberalization" to the winds. However terrible the temptation may be, it should be firmly resisted. One good reason for restraint is that this type of appeal might well bounce back, as it did at the last election with disastrous results. A second and more vital reason is that it would show a poverty in ideas, a lack of real conviction which the electorate is bound to notice—and despise. It would be futile for the party to look for immediate electoral backing because there will be no election in the immediate future.

The siren voices which advocate the throwing overboard of the policy of extended public ownership because some privileged workers would not like to lose their privilege (mainly fancied) should be resisted. Nor should Labor join belatedly (and rather half-heartedly) in a monopoly-hunt instead of trying to work out the Socialist answer to the multiplication of types and the growing waste and discomfort due to advertising. Labor, if it is to be as successful as its opponents in getting the "confidence" of entrepreneurs, would have to be *more* and not less conciliatory to the rich than the Conservatives. It would have to tax them less, not more. Nothing can change this basic truth.

Labor cannot woo the large investor away from his present allegiance or secure his full cooperation.

T. BALOGH, British economist, is a member of the economic subcommittee of the British Labor Party Executive.

October 22, 1955

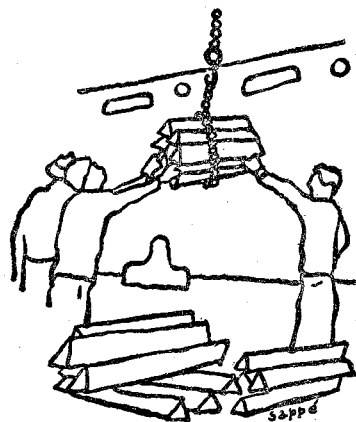
Nothing showed this more clearly than the attitude of the United States government before the last British election. In no relationship was Labor more conciliatory than toward the American Administration. Yet the Americans helped the Tories in the election campaign by agreeing to hold high-level talks just in time to rob Labor's most powerful appeal of all its force. And America (unlike the British rich) had little to fear from a Labor victory. When in office, Labor granted atomic bases without any conditions. It imposed a rearmament program on the country which was twice as great as the one carried out by the Conservatives. There is something tragically futile in the yearning of Labor to steal respectability from the Tories.

To join the Tories in chasing after competitive individual advantage, is to disregard the resultant frustration and aggression which characterize most unbridled free-enterprise communities. Nor is it wise (once more imitating the Tories) to accept the "Americanization" of tastes which robs technical progress of much of its fruit in terms of satisfaction. The Tories are much better at boosting "free enterprise" and therefore less inhibited.

IT IS significant that both the Tories and United States Republicans, both parties well versed in propaganda and sensitive to psychology, have picked on long-term prospects (doubling your income in twenty-five years) to impress the electorate. Labor must do better.

Anyone who knows the United States with its pressures for conformity in spiritual and material ways must be appalled that the achievement of something like that should be England's reward—if we are "lucky"—after twenty-five more years of toil. And the electorate will be disillusioned as the futility of that ambition becomes apparent.

What is the alternative? Labor has still opportunity to insist on the importance of education, on bettering the social environment through the establishment of a more balanced community life and on facilities for collective enjoyment so completely and dreadfully lacking in the large and ugly provincial conurbations of Britain. By all means let us promote technical progress—but



surely not for the purpose of competitive showing off, of being led by advertisers to futile extravagance. Labor's purpose should be to insist on more leisure, and less toil at work, and on education to make leisure worth having. The miles of soulless suburbia, magazines without books, veneer without depth, the rise of juvenile delinquency and growing demand for psychoanalysts—are they so desirable? Yet can they be separated from the American way of life? Should we British do nothing to promote a different conception of "progress"?

What would such a program involve? The first requirement is for a coherent wage policy which would avoid the biennial foreign-exchange crises by limiting wage increases to the increase in overall productivity. In the absence of unemployment this can only be achieved by obtaining a voluntary restraint on the part of the trade unions. Such voluntary restraint is unobtainable if workers are not assured that the burdens and benefits of changing national fortunes are equitably shared.

This implies some direct curb on speculative excesses and a conscious policy for more equitable distribution of income. We have, however, seen that the ends of progressive taxation are largely defeated in present-day Britain by avoidance and evasion. Moreover, the imposition of harsh taxation creates a "spiv" society in which the more unscrupulous will win out over the honest. The consequence is a distortion of the social structure and the rise of a cynical attitude which must defeat endeavors to achieve social harmony.

For this reason, if for nothing else, the extension of direct public ownership must remain an essential ingredient of Labor policy. A fur-

ther and hardly less important reason is that public ownership would enable a higher rate of investment and thus a quicker rate of increase in productivity and income. This in turn would permit satisfaction of wage claims without producing renewed crises in our international economic relations. Finally, public ownership would permit a Socialist answer to the curse of monopoly and monopolistic competition, to the extravagant multiplication of types, and the consequent inability to produce durable goods cheap enough for the masses. The price of refrigerators, stoves, and other household appliances could be cut by a third or even more if there was standardization. The German *Volkswagen* is a triumphant example of the success of nationalized industry.

IF PUBLIC ownership is to be extended, Labor must reconsider its views on the organization of nationally-owned industries. What was wrong in the nationalized industries was the thoughtless extension to vast centers of power of schemes which might have been quite effective if limited to municipal undertakings. The theory was to keep them out of politics. What happened was the creation of virtual undemocratic irresponsibility through the so-called "independence" of the Lords of those industries.

Without an extension of collective ownership neither greater equality nor quickened, yet stable, progress is possible. The first would be swamped by massive capital gains, the latter stifled by continued restrictions. It is not a coincidence that economic progress in Britain has slowed down and inequalities have increased since the Tory victory in 1951. All these arguments, however, can hardly impress if they are not put forward in a positive manner pointing to a better future.

Nor must Labor be content with advocating national selfishness. It must face clearly the burden which its program for poorer areas—especially in the Commonwealth—implies. Price guarantees should not be restricted to British farmers and selective control of imports should be used to buttress stability in the Commonwealth. Such a program of unselfish idealism will appeal to the elector in the long run.

BOOKS

The Parody of a Hero

THE DESERT AND THE STARS.

By Flora Armitage. Henry Holt and Company. \$4.

By George Dangerfield

THOMAS EDWARD LAWRENCE—"Lawrence of Arabia"—was born in 1888, the second of five sons, and brought up among the respectabilities of clerical and donnish Oxford. The atmosphere of his home was abstemious and pious, for the parents practiced a strict Evangelical religion, and the boys were encouraged to look for companionship only in the family circle. At some time between the ages of seventeen and nineteen, Lawrence discovered that he was illegitimate. The shock was so great that he ran away from home, enlisted in the Royal Artillery, and was rescued by his father after a brief and probably a very rough experience. He then continued his home life very much as before; his letters to his parents give no evidence of estrangement, and his career at Oxford University was crowned with a First in History.

A sensitive egotist, however, raised in such conventional circumstances, could not be expected to recover easily from the knowledge that his birth was "shameful." Lawrence did not openly abandon his parents, but he did abandon their religious beliefs—with one significant exception. His belief in original sin remained with him. He began to think of his own body as degraded, of sexuality as dangerous, and of the act of procreation as preposterous and disgusting. In later life, he tried to take his parents' guilt upon his own shoulders. "Isn't it true," he wrote in one letter, "that the fault of birth rests somewhat on the child?"

Guilt and atonement for guilt are the clues to Lawrence's unhappy life. Miss Armitage makes this clear enough in "The Desert and the Stars," and although her biography is disfigured by a verbal silliness which might compel the reader to

inattention, this defect is of the surface only, a stylistic acne which does not conceal her actual theme. She is reluctantly but honestly obliged to show that her hero was not a hero at all. He was a kind of anti-hero—a man of genius, magnetic, charming, brave, a born leader, who meddled in the wrong kind of politics for the wrong kind of reasons, and who dedicated his later years to a conscious search for futility and despair.

The middle-class culture of Edwardian England, with its emphasis on the dangers of sexuality, and its cultivation of all the idiocies of *mens sana in corpore sano*, tended to bring its young men up in a state of permanent adolescence. Lawrence was, perhaps, an extreme example of this tendency. "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," however, which is evidently a work of genius, testifies to some singular, some more profound maladjustment. As a record of the Arab revolt of World War I, it seems to me to be often flat and redundant. As the transcription of introspective experience, where all external events—landscapes, persons, marches, forays—are the *dramatis personae* of acute inner tensions, it is pretty nearly unique. Miss Armitage is quite right to find its climax in that terrible chapter where Lawrence tells how he went in disguise to reconnoiter the Turkish post at Der-a, was captured, flogged, and vilely abused by the Turkish garrison, and emerged with the feeling that his integrity had been lost forever. She sees this incident as Lawrence's atonement for his own birth and for the shoddy deceptions of Whitehall; and she believes that the experience broke him because it was a source not only of anguish and horror but also of obscure masochistic pleasure.

Perhaps we could go a little further than this. "The Seven Pillars," besides being the product of a brilliant and sensitive observation, is curiously full of self-pride and self-pity, and is haunted throughout by an immense immodesty. This is not (as Richard Aldington claimed in

a recent diatribe) the immodesty of imposture, but the immodesty of impersonation. It really seems as if Lawrence dimly conceived of himself as a Christ-like figure who, after being tempted in the desert, deliberately went down to meet his agony at Der-a. That is to say, this is how he conceived of himself in retrospect. This parody of the Atonement fitted in with his growing conviction that he himself was the parody of a hero.

Of course, one could lay far too much stress on this. Yet I believe that one approach to the character of Lawrence is by way of the persistence of those religious dogmas which he had learned in his childhood and had consciously abandoned as he grew older. His later retreat into the life of an enlisted man in the tank corps and the Royal Air Force, in the light of his comment in "The Mint" that the animal life of the barracks might be *guiltless* in unreflecting men, is a supreme example of what he called his "moral masochism." As a reflecting man, he was guilty when he shared in this (to him) abominable life and thus, by extension, he sacrificed himself for it. His subtle mind condescended to the mindless flesh of the barracks, and his career, as an enlisted man who had put off all the glory of Colonel Lawrence of Arabia to be simply "Aircraftsman Shaw," became a parody of the Incarnation.

This strain of religious parody in his life is what, I think, makes us so acutely uneasy when we read any of the biographies that have been written about him, chiefly because it was serious parody—something at once essential and pointless. (His military and political careers provoke more direct emotions and antipathies.) But he has left us "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," a wonderful book in its own way, and an impressive example of how genius can make use of even the most acute neurosis. Few books, after all, tell us more by implication about the middle-class culture which could both refine and warp an exceptional mind. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that "The Seven Pillars" also tells us a good deal about the sickness of that commercial and industrial Empire which, contemptuously but faithfully, under several names and in several uniforms, Lawrence served until his death.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD is the author of "The Era of Good Feelings" and other books.

October 22, 1955

The Shrinking Security Yardstick

THE OPPENHEIMER CASE. The Trial of a Security System. By Charles P. Curtis. Simon and Schuster. \$4.

By Anthony Lewis

IT IS hard to believe that only a little more than a year has passed since the Atomic Energy Commission voted, 4 to 1, to end J. Robert Oppenheimer's access to restricted data. To me, at least, the case seems more distant. That may be because the atmosphere on the Communists-in-government issue has changed so much in the last year. The charges were brought against Dr. Oppenheimer, and considered, in a period when the Administration was riding the issue for all it was worth politically. Injustices are still being done. But I believe the politics of security have changed sufficiently so that if Lewis Strauss had become chairman of the A. E. C. in July, 1955, instead of two years earlier, no charges would ever have been brought against Dr. Oppenheimer.

In the general loyalty-security picture, the Oppenheimer case was unique for its level of procedural fairness. While not up to trial standards, the hearing was infinitely better than most, especially in that all witnesses were produced and made subject to cross-examination. But the case hung not on the evidence, but on what the judges felt was the significance of the evidence—the yardstick against which it must be measured.

In a murder case the prosecutor can establish objective facts: that the defendant's gun was next to the body, for example, and bore his fingerprints. But in a security case the judges are asked essentially to make a subjective judgment on what a man's conduct will be in the future. The "evidence" that the man associated with someone or joined something in the past may not prove anything about his future conduct.

But we do not trust subjective judgments, we do not want to give security judges the power to say

ANTHONY LEWIS is a New York newspaperman. In 1955 he won a Pulitzer Prize for his reporting on the security case of Abraham Chasnow.

simply, "We trust this man," or "We do not trust him." So we have set up elaborate standards of association and elaborate pseudo-hearings to determine the associations. The result is often to forget the goal of finding untrustworthy men. A man flunks the standard on some past association, and the judges do not bother to make the overall judgment on his trustworthiness.

That was the lesson of the Oppenheimer case. The Security Board, Gordon Gray, Thomas A. Morgan, and Ward V. Evans, found Dr. Oppenheimer loyal and said he had "a high degree of discretion reflecting an unusual ability to keep to himself vital secrets." But the board, Dr. Evans dissenting, found him a risk because of his "disregard" for something it termed "the security system," an unsystematic collection of rules and ideas designed to protect secrets.

Commissioner Thomas E. Murray agreed and went further to say that Dr. Oppenheimer had been "disloyal" to the "security system," even though he had never revealed any secrets. Commissioners Strauss, Eugene M. Zuckert, and Joseph Campbell found, in addition to disregard of the "security system," "fundamental defects" in Dr. Oppenheimer's "character." (It is amusing to remember that Mr. Strauss was among those who voted shortly afterward to retain as head of the Institute for Advanced Study this person with "fundamental defects of character.")

Commissioner Henry D. Smyth, dissenting, put the paradox succinctly: "The only question being determined by the A. E. C. is whether there is a possibility that Dr. Oppenheimer will intentionally or unintentionally reveal secret information to persons who should not

have it. . . . Character and associations are important only insofar as they bear on the possibility that secret information will be improperly revealed. . . . There is no indication in the entire record that Dr. Oppenheimer has ever divulged any secret information."

Or in Dr. Evans's homelier language: "No one on the board doubts his loyalty—even the witnesses adverse to him admit that—and he is certainly less of a security risk than he was in 1947, when he was cleared."

The failing of this new book on the Oppenheimer case is that it pays too little attention to the vagueness and distortion of the security yardstick. Mr. Curtis, a Boston lawyer and former member of the Harvard Corporation, has analyzed the case as if it were a trial, sifting the evidence carefully on each point. To paraphrase a comment by R. L. Duffus, this is a little like going back over the evidence at a trial for witchcraft. It is not the evidence that is important, but the legal definition of the crime.

For those who want a thorough, understandable record of the case, Mr. Curtis has done a good job (though not so brilliantly clear, I think, as the much shorter treatment by Professor Harry Kalvan in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*). A great deal of the book consists of sections of the Oppenheimer hearing transcript, skilfully arranged. Criticism can be made of the small type used for these transcript excerpts and of some sloppy proof-reading. But Mr. Curtis is valuable when he steps back and discusses the nastiness of prosecutor Roger Robb, the uninformed or fantastic comments of some of the judges, the twists and turns that make the case of J. Robert Oppenheimer the most fascinating as well as the most important of all loyalty-security proceedings.

Books in Brief

Manhattan Corner

IN A FARTHER COUNTRY. By William Goyen. Random House. \$3.

Occasionally a book appears which is called a novel because all things, including books, must be given a name. These mavericks of

literature, because of their structural eccentricity, often irritate or confuse readers. When the work is as lovely as "In a Farther Country," however, the question of what sort of a book it is hardly matters. For William Goyen uses his own rules of wandering plot and improbable

The NATION

character to fashion a volume at once romance, poem, and myth.

Goyen's previous novel, "The House of Breath," was an exercise in stream-of-consciousness; *avant-garde*, derivative, and self-conscious. It is good to see him emerge from what C. P. Snow has called the "esthetic cul-de-sac." The dense language and rich poetry are still very much in evidence, but no longer weighted by mechanical obscurity. As a result, the reader is free to concentrate on the poetry itself, the interweaving of story with story, color against color, the sudden flashes of bitter-sweet comedy which act as counterpoint to the intense lyricism of the narrative.

"In a Farther Country" takes place in a dingy little shop on Twenty-third Street in Manhattan, where a man named MacDougal, "who could imitate anything," makes art copies in wood and plaster. Marietta McGee-Chavez, a Texas woman of mixed and warring ancestry, marries MacDougal and transforms his shop into a place of memory and dream. Into this shop come others: a priest, a bullfighter-turned-coroner, and a nun; an actor, a clerk, and a female "speaker of poems." There is also a hobo who carries a mandolin strung with woman's hair. The novel then takes the form of medieval story-telling, with each character relating his past and future.

Within this deceptively simple structure, Mr. Goyen has created an entrancing book. The rhythms of his prose defy quotation. Realistic dialogue alternates with bold flights of rhetoric, becoming graceful and ponderous, meditative and violent, traveling rapidly over the entire spectrum of emotion. The book certainly is artifice; Twenty-third Street was never like this. Mr. Goyen, however, is craftsman enough and poet enough to control his artifice and render it as art.

Wouk in the Pulpit

MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR. By Herman Wouk. Doubleday. \$4.95.

Herman Wouk's new novel, "Marjorie Morningstar," continues the post-World War II revolution—or counter-revolution—against what *Time* magazine has termed "three decades of United States fiction dominated by skeptical criticism, sexual emancipation, social protest,

and psychoanalytical sermonizing." Mr. Wouk, stellar attraction among the young neo-conservatives, is condescending toward the criticism, very much against the sexual emancipation, and indifferent to the protest. He is not, however, at all hesitant in using sermons at the slightest provocation.

Mr. Wouk's sermons, of course, are issued from a traditional pulpit. Celebrating the virtues of triumphant mediocrity, he applauds the well upholstered life, the "basic" values of home, family, and religion. The intellectual is once again the villain. Although the intellectual in "Marjorie Morningstar" is talented, he is rationalist, skeptical, and hedonist, therefore doomed to spiritual sterility.

The book's intellectual, a young man named Noel Airman, seduces Marjorie, and she finds the whole business unpleasant. She is, of course, quite right: the seduction is unpleasant, both for Noel, who acts like a cad because he is symbolically crippled and morally "lost": and for Marjorie, who soils herself in a misguided attempt at rebellion. Only when Marjorie realizes the error of her ways and turns to sanctified breeding, does she achieve contentment. And contentment—as mother, wife, and ladies' auxiliary member—is the most basic of all Wouk's "basic" values.

While Wouk does provide some interesting and reasonably accurate details of upper-middle-class Jewish life, his narrative is limited because he places neat and rather obvious labels on character and motivation. He describes Marjorie, for example, as a "sweetly innocent" girl with a "red mouth" who sleeps in "golden sunlight," has a "disordered mass of curls," wears an "expensive evening gown," and laughs with "girlish giggles." Emotional flux is created with similar ease: at one point, for example, Wouk simply tells his audience that a character is "filled with feelings of puzzlement and dread."

"Marjorie Morningstar" is comfortable, easy to understand, and affirmative. The book gives added weight to the opinion of those high-brow critics who insist that Wouk is essentially a slick-magazine writer; he has here made a good thing of applying lacquer-surface realism to a particular religious group.

World of the Courtesan

THE GAME OF HEARTS. Harriette Wilson's Memoirs. Edited, and with an introduction by Lesley Blanch. Simon and Schuster. \$5.

In last year's "The Wilder Shores of Love" Lesley Blanch revived four lively ladies of the nineteenth century, famous or infamous in their day but long since forgotten. She continues this work of interesting restoration by now presenting the memoirs of Harriette Wilson, a celebrated courtesan of Regency England. Harriette numbered among her protectors and acquaintances the Duke of Wellington, a brother of Lord Melbourne, Byron, Beau Brummel, and many other scions of England's noblest families. She was not a good girl but she must have been wonderfully good company; evident throughout the memoirs are her wit, intelligence, and good nature. She was faithful, in her fashion, to each of her aristocratic protectors during his tenure and often impulsively generous, as when, with a grand gesture, she voluntarily surrendered the Marquis of Worcester's letters to his father who might have paid her up to two thousand pounds for them.

WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT RUSSIA?

Send \$1.00

for 32-page ATLAS No. H52N of colored maps.

Size 10 x 7½ inches. Deals with history, geography, and resources of the U.S.S.R.



Denoyer-Geppert Co.

5235 Ravenswood Ave.

Chicago 40, Ill.

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED

If you are looking for a publisher, send for our free, illustrated booklet titled *To the Author in Search of a Publisher*. It tells how we can publish, promote, and distribute your book, as we have done for hundreds of other writers. All subjects considered. New authors welcomed. Write today for Booklet No. 103. It's free.

VANTAGE PRESS, 120 West 21 St., New York 1
In Calif.: 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

Buy Your Books
through THE Nation

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book at the regular retail price post-free if payment is received with the order, or at the retail price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D. No C.O.D.'s outside the United States. When ordering please give name and author and publisher, if possible.

Please address your orders to
Miss O. LePach

THE READERS' SERVICE DIVISION
333 Sixth Ave. New York 14, N. Y.

October 22, 1955

347

In her introduction Miss Blanch gives us an entertaining picture of the Regency world of fashion as well as a witty dissertation on the now vanished race of grand courtesans. To be as successful as Harriette Wilson the courtesan had to be equipped to supply, besides physical charms, companionship, understanding, and mental stimulus.

Miss Blanch has had the clever idea of interpolating occasional excerpts from the confessions of Julia Johnstone, Harriette's life-long friend but professional rival, who became particularly bitter after the sensational success of the memoirs. Her malicious comments and flat contradictions of many of Harriette's self-laudatory statements have a moralizing effect. Beguiled by Harriette's charm the reader might have forgotten what a baggage she could be. The memoirs were written primarily as a blackmailing scheme. The fortnightly installments were preceded by circulars announcing the aristocratic names to be mentioned. On receipt of two hundred pounds Harriette agreed, and always scrupulously kept her promise, to expunge the names of the payers. Her considerable financial profit from this racket is the reader's loss in some very entertaining reading.

Western Battleground

CIVIL WAR ON THE WESTERN BORDER, 1854-1865. By Jay Monaghan. Little, Brown. \$6.

This is undoubtedly the most informative book on the trans-Mississippi military campaigns of the Civil War. It gives useful facts on the early warfare in Kansas, the big battles in the West, organized bushwhacking and Quantrill's sacking of Lawrence, and on the horrifying extent of brutality, casual and deliberate.

But its faults are many: a preference for the colorful over the significant, a tendency to isolate military affairs in the West from what was happening elsewhere in the country and even from civilian life in Missouri and Kansas, an episodic approach that is jumbled and disjointed. The absence of maps makes it impossible to follow the campaigns. Negroes appear in these pages solely in undignified postures, either begging for mercy or entertaining the white troops.

Theater

Shepard Traube

SINCE "A Tiger at the Gates" (Plymouth Theater) seems to be a resounding success, this is a dissident report. Considering the circumstances whereby I happen to be examining the Jean Giradoux-Christopher Fry play in the role of substitute drama critic, I hope it doesn't prove to be a churlish commentary. It is altogether possible that the play may have many themes for as many people. For me, beyond any question, its major intent is to discuss the inevitability of war, even when men of good will convene as the heads of nations to avert it. Moreover, let there be no mistake about my use of the verb "discuss," for "A Tiger at the Gates" is a massive conversation piece.

"If you sing a song of peace with enough gestures and grimaces," declares Paris cynically in the second act, "it will become a war song." It is that cynicism which pervades the play. Giradoux wrote the source work in French in another period of history. Fry has done his translation in our own day, a completely different frame of reference. Consequently this now is a play that we evaluate on the heels of the Geneva meeting which gave us the vaulting hope that mankind will not destroy itself with atomic weapons.

Since "A Tiger at the Gates" ends with the ironic assurance that the Trojan War (or any war?) could not be prevented but only retarded—despite every effort on the part of Hector, an enlightened soldier—I find myself incapable of liking the play. Incidentally, in dramatic terms, a fairly shallow trick is employed to effect this conclusion to the plot. There is no doubt that both Giradoux and Fry share a passionate hatred of war, for their play is filled with it. But the play succumbs to the thesis of "inevitability" in the climactic moments. Beyond my distaste for what I judge to be the basic content of "A Tiger at the Gates," it seems to me that the style of the production is declamatory. More than occasionally the evening rang out with pear-shaped tones, until I became a bit surfeited with them.

I am second to no one in my admiration for Harold Clurman, a gifted director, also the noted critic whose remarks on the current theater customarily fill these columns. But I think his production of "A Tiger at the Gates" is occasionally static and merely pictorial. For, despite a determined effort on my part to concentrate on the drama, I found myself woolgathering through a number of scenes. Undoubtedly there is a certain artificiality in the writing, difficult for any director to avoid completely, but as the evening wore on, I found myself restless throughout long passages where actors squared off to each other and let fly with gusty, literary perorations. I found myself longing for a more inventive approach to the production, other than the handsome stage pictures.

I saw the play on the second night, and, in all probability, there was not the electricity in the performance that must have pervaded the cast the night before. It seemed to me that Michael Redgrave, who is a stunning actor, was not quite at the top of his form, but nevertheless, his passionate interpretation of the idealist-warrior, Hector, had great power and beauty. I enjoyed Diane Cilento's limpid and kittenish Helen, not to mention her pulchritude. Leueen MacGrath's Cassandra was strikingly effective, and Barbara Jefford's Andromache was sumptuous and arresting. Catherine Lacey's Hecuba was dipped in irony, John Laurie's fatuous politician-poet had the right whine, Leo Ciceri's Paris was both handsome and amusing, and Wyndham Goldie's international legal expert was a masterpiece of dry wit. Morris Carnovsky was handsome and regal as Priam, although the role was without substance for this superb actor. Finally, Walter Fitzgerald's magnificently cerebral portrait of Ulysses seemed to me to be one of the real triumphs of the production.

ARTHUR MILLER is indisputably one of the giant figures in our theater. The towering magnificence of "Death of a Salesman" bears the

stamp of genius and leaves us everlastingly in his debt. He is also an artist of conscience and purpose, who can write about what troubles him in our society, and write with burning scorn. We need only recall "The Crucible," a play which seems to have achieved more influence in Europe than it did here at home, a phenomenon that is not too surprising; considering the recent temper of the times.

Miller's latest produced work, two plays brought together under the title of "A View from the Bridge" (Coronet Theater), presented by Kermit Bloomgarden, Robert Whitehead, and Roger Stevens, was not intended originally, I believe, for the commercial Broadway milieu. At first, Martin Ritt, the director, planned special matinee performances for the two plays. ("A Memory of Two Mondays," a short mood piece, and the title play, which is almost full-length.) But the plans grew and evolved into a full-scale Broadway venture, subjected to our pitiless system whereby the critics vote for hit or flop.

These are not major works by Arthur Miller, but they are always interesting, frequently stirring, and steadily illuminated by the incandescence of an author whose thinking about human beings is always profound. Martin Ritt has staged the two plays with great sensitivity and skill, avoiding the trap of underlining "big" scenes with violence and, as a result, achieving real suspense when it is required.

Van Heflin has returned from Hollywood to the Broadway stage in "A View from the Bridge" and I assure you this alone is reason enough for buying your tickets. Heflin is simply tremendous, an actor to cherish and admire, and his homecoming is an important event. You'll never see a finer performance than the one he gives in "A View from the Bridge." There are also two brilliant interpretations by Jack Warden and Biff McGuire, with excellent support from Eileen Heckart, Richard Davalos, and Gloria Marlowe.

Boris Aronson's settings have grandeur and poetry in them, and Helen Pons has executed costumes that suit the action perfectly.

SHEPARD TRAUBE pinch-hits this week for Harold Clurman.

October 22, 1955



Take advantage of this money-saving offer now.

This combination is available for one year and may be mailed to different individuals and addresses. Payment must accompany all combination orders.

If you wish to order *The Nation* itself, the price is \$3.50 for 26 weeks, \$7 for one year, \$12 for two years and \$17 for three years. The special servicemen's rate is \$5 for one year and is available only when the magazine is sent to a military address.

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Avenue, N. Y. 14	
Gentlemen:	
I want to enter my subscription for the following:	
The Nation and Consumer Reports \$10.75 ☐	
The Nation: One year, \$7 ☐ Two years, \$12 ☐	
6 months, \$3.50 ☐ Three years, \$17 ☐	
(Canadian and Foreign Postage \$1 a year extra)	
Name _____	
Address _____	
City _____	Zone _____ State _____
10-22-55	

**The Nation
+ Consumer
Reports
\$10.75
You save \$1.25**

Records

B. H. Haggin

SOMEONE interested in the Budapest Quartet's recordings would want to know that on the records of the Beethoven quartets the cello sound is hard and dry, the violin sound is edged, and loud chords of the entire group are the worse for the terrific echo of the empty hall; and that the performances of Mozart, Schubert, and Haydn are reproduced less poorly but not well—the sound of Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" also being dry, hard, and edged. This is the kind of fact he would expect to be told in a record guide; but in Harold C. Schonberg's "Guide to Long-Playing Records: Chamber and Solo Instrument Music" (Knopf, \$3.50) there is mention only of a little thinness and occasional shrillness in the Beethoven recordings, and of the Schubert performances being "so well recorded by Columbia."

One would think the beauty of Pierlot's oboe tone and Rampal's flute tone is an objective fact no ear could fail to perceive, even if their phrasing and the enchanting ensemble-playing they and their associates do in pieces by Vivaldi on Haydn Society 82 might require the ear of a record critic; but to Schonberg "none of the soloists is an outstanding workman, but they collaborate well, playing with taste and musical integrity." Someone who had heard the Juilliard Quartet only in Bartok and Schoenberg might not expect the grace and exquisite phrasing of its playing of Mozart's K.499, but—one would think—could not fail to hear what is so plainly to be heard; however Schonberg hears that "Mozart is not the Juilliard's dish of tea. The phrasing is stiff, and there are some strange tempos. . . ." Nobody, one would suppose, could fail to hear the difference between the Budapest and Schneider performances of Haydn's Quartets Op. 76—the refinement and smoothness of the Budapest playing as against the Schneider's more energetically detailed, more sharply rhythmically inflected; but Schonberg writes that "the Budapest's playing is a little fuller in tone and stronger in concept" and "the Schneider . . .

is frequently more gracious and intimate-sounding."

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between Wuehrer's drily correct playing of the notes of Schubert's Sonata in B flat, and Kempff's fussing with finicky nuance; but to Schonberg "Kempff and Wuehrer are pianists very much in the same style. Both exhibit the Teutonic school of playing; both work in broad, massive strokes; both have strength and integrity." And discussing other performances of the sonata he writes that "Aitken . . . has some interesting ideas, but not always the authority to put them across." This is a favorite locution: in Schumann's Fantasy "Yves Nat . . . has interesting ideas, but the veteran pianist is no longer up to the technical demands"; but if Schonberg meant anything real by "interesting ideas" he would say what the ideas are. Actually there is nothing out-of-the-way in Nat's fine performance, for which he has all the necessary technique; and Aitken's brutal treatment of much of the sonata, which is unusual, is unconvincing not for lack of authority but for lack of valid relation with the inherent expressive character of the music.

There isn't the space in which to document further the absence in this book of the slightest manifestation of the perception, understanding, judgment, and taste that could be of use to a reader; or to show that the mere written English is some of the worst ever to receive mistaken publication. But I take a few more lines to put out how monstrous is the situation—not only in this book—in which outstanding musical talent, dedicated study, and long experience produce something like the playing of Pierlot and Rampal in the Vivaldi pieces or the Juilliard Quartet performance of Mozart's K.499, only to have it struck down for thousands of readers in a mere sentence by someone with no talent whatever for his task of critical evaluation.

At this point a record-buyer will ask what writing on records there is that does provide the dependable information and evaluation I have said he needs. The way to answer

that is to say that I too need such information and evaluation—about some of the records that aren't sent to me for review; I too, then, have to depend on the reports of other reviewers; I too have to estimate their dependability concerning the records I don't know from what they say about the records I do know; and applying this method to the writing in the newspapers and magazines I see, I have discovered none—outside of Mr. Garis's occasional notes here—that I have felt I could depend on myself and recommend to anyone else for accurate perception of even the simplest facts of performance and recorded sound. Thus, not only Kolodin's review of the Toscanini "Pictures at an Exhibition" but every review I have seen has talked about the outstanding fidelity and beauty of the sound that is so abominably falsified by excessive peaking of the treble.

AT IT happens, Rampal's beautiful playing, with finely adjusted harpsichord-playing by Veyron-Lacroix, is heard in eight Sonatas for flute and continuo by Leclair on the two records of Oiseau-Lyre OL 50051. For the most part these are engaging works—engaging both in the lyrical and dance passages, and astonishing one occasionally with an unusual harmonic progression. It is Nos. 7 and 8 that I found least interesting; Nos. 5 and 6, on the other hand, impressed me most.

McIntosh 1001 offers the Benedetto Marcello-Bach Concerto in D minor and Vivaldi-Bach Concertos in F, C, and G, played on the harpsichord by Julietta Goldschwartz, whose pounding of the instrument is such as to make it impossible for me to get any reliable impression of the music.

But what is played on that record as the Adagio of the Vivaldi-Bach Concerto in F, is offered on London LD-9135 as the Adagio of an Oboe Concerto in C minor by Alessandro Marcello, played on the piano by Paolo Spagnolo with quietly sensitive phrasing which enables me to hear that the music is quite lovely. On the same side are two delightful Scarlatti Sonatas, Longo 5 and 30, that I don't recall hearing before, played with the proper lightness and brilliance. But the pieces by Mompou, Rodrigo, and Margola on the reverse side I don't care for.

Art

A. L. Chanin

FANTASY and Surrealism are the curtain-raisers of the new art season. A double exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art (to October 30) couples the early, spellbound paintings of Giorgio de Chirico, a precursor of the movement, with a retrospective survey of Yves Tanguy, Surrealist, who died last January at the age of fifty-five.

The exclusion of all but the early work of de Chirico underlines the enigma of his shocking decline. Since his youthful star-touched years before and during the first World War, de Chirico has become a lost leader, a reactionary producing pallid derivations of Renaissance classics. Moreover, de Chirico finds it necessary to disown his early work, and to castigate modern art as the work "of the gangsters who are the art dealers, critics, and snobs." Yet de Chirico cannot quite lay the ghost, nor discourage the eagerness of collectors for the early work; "I now paint," he admits, "so-called metaphysical works or 'Italian Piazza' pictures for anyone who wants to order and pay for them."

BORN sixty-seven years ago, in Greece, of Italian parents, de Chirico studied art in Athens, Munich, and Italy. He was intrigued with minor nineteenth-century German romantic painters, and he pored over Nietzsche. "After having read the works of Friedrich Nietzsche, I became aware that there is a host of strange, unknown, solitary things which can be translated into painting. . . ."

When the brooding young painter arrived in Paris in 1911, Cubism was on the rise. Among other innovations, Cubism rejected story, poem, and symbol as so much literary baggage. But de Chirico challenged this with his amazing series of compositions steeped in feelings of mystery, melancholy, and disquietude. In time these paintings became a jumping-off point for Surrealism, which, probing uninhibited

dreams and memories from a hitherto unexplored subconscious, flirted with Freudian symbols. They held dreams and hallucinations to be more truthful and significant than the world of logic.

In the Paris paintings—the heart of the exhibition—de Chirico created a distinctive personal icono-

graphy, or repertoire of images; vistas of shadowy, neo-classic arcades in silent squares, large, slanting shadows, silent Victorian or classic statues, trains and toys and fluttering pennants, factory chimneys and strange towers.

Often the symbols shock the mind with their audacious incongruity, as in *Song of Love* (1914), a cryptic combination of a surgeon's rubber glove beside the head of Apollo. In *The Child's Brain* (1914) (widely interpreted as a psychological portrait of his father) a pasty-fleshed face

You may choose from any of these famous labels

**RCA VICTOR
COLUMBIA · DECCA
LONDON · EPIC**

in fact any label

select 3 records—
and pay only for 2

ACCEPT THIS AMAZING OFFER! LEARN ABOUT THE RECORD DIVIDEND CLUB'S PROFIT SHARING PLAN

THE RECORD DIVIDEND CLUB was formed to bring music lovers everywhere the world's finest recordings on a unique dividend participating basis. As a member you have the advantage of buying and receiving only the long playing, hi-fidelity records you want—yet you benefit from a large group purchasing plan that provides real dividend earnings with every purchase you make in the form of FREE extra records.

The RDA does not restrict you to unknown labels . . . but makes available the recordings from the complete catalogs of all Major and Independent Labels.

Place your trial membership order now . . . pay for 2 records—(\$3.98 list price or over) and receive one \$3.98 dividend record absolutely FREE. At the same time we will send you a brochure explaining in greater details the advantages and "money saving" functions of the RDA.

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

You may cancel your membership after receiving the initial *Demonstration Offer*.

If you decide to remain a permanent member, you agree to buy as few as 12 long playing records during the first year of membership. . . . You will receive 5 additional records FREE.

Payments must be included with every order. . . . Thus costly book-keeping to you is eliminated. . . . To adhere to its generous profit sharing plan the RDA must keep operating costs at a minimum.

THIS DISTINGUISHED RECORD CLUB BRINGS YOU A WEALTH OF DIVIDENDS—IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO JOIN!

RDA Dividend #1 many FREE records earned throughout the year

Every long playing record purchased through the RDA plan is credited to your share of the club's earnings. The more records you buy the more dividend records you will receive free.

RDA Dividend #2 FREE catalog every month

Each month the club will send you FREE a complete catalog of long playing records, which will include the latest releases.

RDA Dividend #3 club planned for perfectionists

Music lovers will appreciate that every record shipped is carefully inspected and guaranteed factory fresh. Since club operates only through mail, you are assured that you are the first to play the records you receive.

RDA Dividend #4 FREE protective covers

All records are shipped with a polyethylene envelope. . . . One that can be used as a permanent protector for your precious disks.

EXTRA BONUS

1 year FREE subscription to

HI-FI MUSIC AT HOME

No. 1 magazine for record reviews

RECORD DIVIDEND CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

135 BROADWAY • Dept. O • NEW YORK 6, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a trial member of The RDA. I am to receive FREE with my first two selections (at \$3.98 or more each) one DIVIDEND record (list price \$3.98). In addition I am to receive FREE a long playing record catalog. It is understood that I have the privilege of cancelling my membership after this initial order. If I decide to remain a member I will be entitled to all the advantages the RDA offers, plus a year's subscription to HI-FI MUSIC AT HOME. It is further understood that there are no restrictions to the number of records I may purchase through the Club's dividend earning plan. I agree to pay the nominal charge of 25c for each record to cover the cost of shipping.

1st selection _____ \$ _____ plus 25c shipping

2nd selection _____ \$ _____ plus 25c shipping

Dividend selection _____ FREE (pay only) 25c shipping

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE No. _____ STATE _____

Enclosed find Check or Money Order for \$ _____ to cover cost and shipping.

A. L. CHANIN is the staff lecturer of the Museum of Modern Art.

October 22, 1955

PUBLICATIONS

BOOKS From the USSR

In English

VLADIMIR BELAYEV THE OLD FORTRESS

Famous trilogy in one volume. Formerly published in Russian as 3 separate novels. Dealing with the anxious stormy days of the Civil War. Illustrated. 854 pp \$2.00

MARIETTA SHAGINYAN JOURNEY THROUGH SOVIET ARMENIA

A fascinating tour over the ancient land of Armenia. An interesting portrayal of the blending of the old and the new. Profusely illustrated. 215 pp \$1.50

Famous Works of I. S. TURGENEV RUDIN

Deluxe edition, beautifully illustrated. A novel 138 pp \$1.00

K. FIGURNOV PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH

Latest achievements of Soviet Medicine in obstetrics. 30 pp 15c

A. ERIVANSKY A SOVIET AUTOMATIC PLANT

An interesting insight into a phase of Soviet heavy industry. Illustrated. 83 pp 35c

M. POSMITNY THE BLACK SEA STEPPES

A portrayal of the life and work on the Budyonny Collective Farm in the Ukraine. Illustrated. 110 pp 25c

THIS IS THE TIME TO ENTER YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR SOVIET MAGAZINES IN ENGLISH. SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BE ARRANGED TO BE MAILED EITHER FROM MOSCOW OR N.Y.C. A COMPLETE PERIODICALS CATALOG SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

PLEASE VISIT OUR NEW AND MORE SPACIOUS BOOKSTORE AT B'WAY CORNER 12TH ST.



822 Broadway, Corner 12th St.
New York 3, N. Y.
GRamercy 3-2018-19

PASSION BY THE BROOK, Truman Nelson's witty novel about Brook Farm experiment. 380 pages, cloth Only 75c postpaid. Wellington's, 346 Concord, Belmont, Mass.

SOCIALIST BOOKS. Catalog, literature, Free. New York Labor News Company, Dept. M, 61 Cliff Street New York 28, N. Y.

BRITISH BOOKS—All Subjects. Fast service, low prices. Catalogs free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 22-N, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

COMPLETE LITERARY SERVICES. Write for terms, No obligation. Daniel S. Mead, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16.

and torso, partly veiled by a curtain, looks with closed eyes on a brightly covered book—an uncanny and disturbing portrayal. The Mystery and Melancholy of a Street (1914) is perhaps the classic of the Italian square pictures, a trancelike painting in which ominous foreboding is achieved with a few devices—the shadowlike girl running with a hoop past an empty carnival wagon and a dark arcade toward the shadow of an unseen statue.

In his next phase, when de Chirico founded the short-lived and equally famous metaphysical school, mannequins and triangular drafting tools, interiors, and still lifes like The Sacred Fish, of 1919—one of the last of the important pictures—are fine examples of mystic poetry.

If this is the sum total of the early de Chirico it would indeed be more literature than painting, for painting cannot live on iconography alone. But de Chirico combined his images with a firm command of painting qualities. He exploits sudden jarring movements of space ("Who can deny the troubling connection," he wrote, "that exists between perspective and metaphysics?") into genuine compositional force. He counterpoints, with telling pictorial effect, line against mass, dark against light, and flat forms against three-dimensional structure. Forms are inventively related one to the other. Color, now bright or somber, thin or rich, is chosen with sparse economy; it achieves luminosity and variety, and binds his best compositions into a brilliant unity.

IN 1923, a de Chirico canvas in a Paris gallery window, glimpsed from a passing bus, confirmed Yves Tanguy's resolution to paint, and to paint fantasy motifs. Before that, the Paris-born youth had sailed as sailor to Africa and South America, served in the army, discussed literature with the poet and future film director, Jacques Prevert, and sketched incessantly on cafe napkins.

Some four years after the chance encounter with the picture in the window, Tanguy, self-taught, found his way to the now famous dreamlike sky and submarine panoramas. With The Shadow Country, and the macabre Mama, Papa Is Wounded!—a title which lingered in his mind from a psychiatric case history—

Tanguy became an important member of the Surrealist group. Thereafter, Tanguy perfected his style, becoming a suave and meticulous craftsman with paint and brush. His art increased in range and inventiveness, but rarely deviated from his major theme.

A characteristic Tanguy canvas is filled with odd, beguiling, and entangled forms which often recall fantastic stone formations. These curious constructions, one changing into another in a complex web, are poised in space against magnificent skies, or float against a fusion of sky and earth units. In canvas after canvas, as Tanguy enriches this basic theme with ingenious variations, with changes in scale, and a distance from near to far, with soft light and strange shadows, he conjures up some fantasy wasteland.

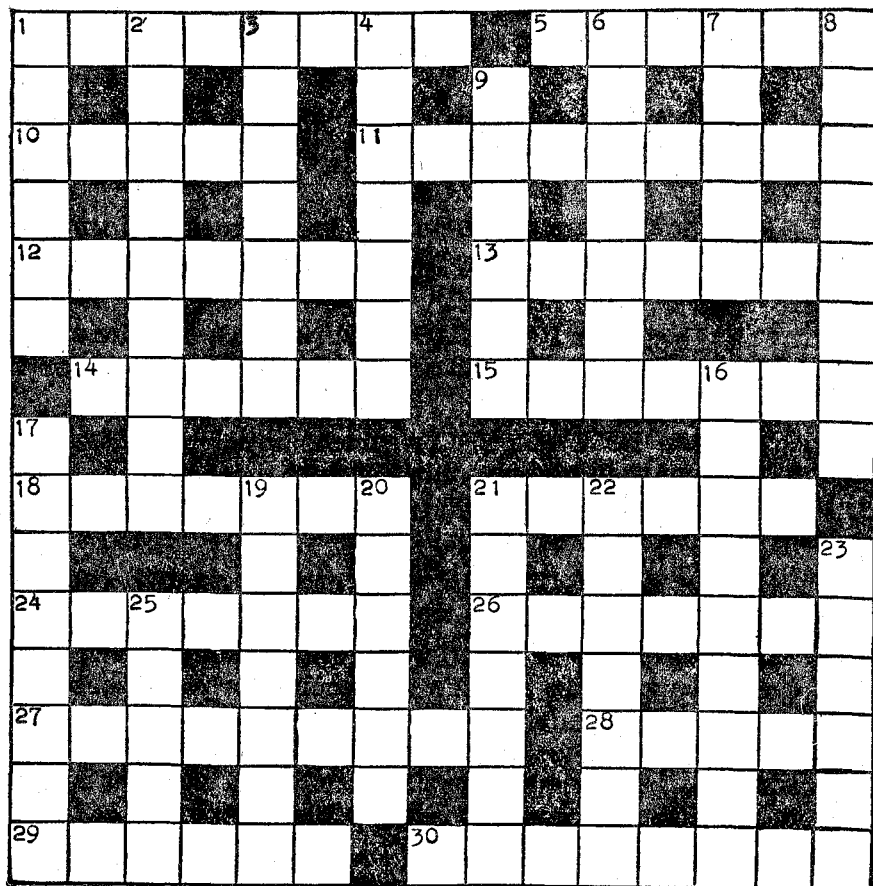
"Surprises are my pleasures in painting," Tanguy remarked—almost his only comment on his art. And if the spectator abandons the desire to find "real" things in his landscapes, he can enter a world of whimsical fancy, charming in color, space, and shape, but behind which lurk unknown omens.

REGINALD MARSH, who is seen full length in a memorial exhibition at the Whitney Museum (to November 6th; thereafter, Columbus, Detroit, St. Louis, Dallas, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Francisco), loved to record the swarm of bathers at Coney Island, strippers, faces in a subway, cheap movie facades, the jaunty strut of Rubenesque girls, and grey men under the "L" along the Bowery. Paintings and drawings like Why Not Use the "L"?, 1930; Hudson Bay Fur Company, 1932; Tattoo and Haircut, 1932; and the Bowery at Pell Street, 1952, are guaranteed immortality as pictorial documents of America. They might also have possessed equal immortality as memorable art. Like Hogarth's pithy compositions, for example, if Marsh had been gifted with a finer sense of color. But his color is mere surface tinting, and often without quality. Consequently his keen drawing must carry the full burden of large compositions. But as an immensely vital recorder of the big city, Marsh has no peers since the best of John Sloan and William Glackens at the turn of the century.

The NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 642

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 This ibex shows its camouflage. (8)
- 5 See 4 down.
- 10 See 12 across.
- 11 Came into being in the ride? (9)
- 12, 10, and 9 down Copper flint-lock? (3,4,3,2,3,3)
- 13 Look like a Villain around, and yet associated with a Hero. (7)
- 14 and 24 Implying nothing, for just a second. (6-4-3)
- 15 They have agitators in the cleaning movement nowadays. (7)
- 18 and 21 Does this give a legal look? (5,2,6)
- 24 See 14 across.
- 26 Worn by Bradman? (7)
- 27 Some 15 are fully this. (9)
- 28 The reign of France? (5)
- 29 Sort of allow the naval vessel inside to fight. (6)
- 30 The goal of aerial attack is so reached. (2-6)

4 and 5 across The index of fire? (7,6)

- 6 Sadiron which implies success at pressing. (7)
- 7 With something to swing on? (Some horses are by the sound of it.) (5)
- 8 In emergency it doesn't necessarily imply radical treachery. (3,5)
- 9 See 12 across.
- 16 Swaps what your numbers might have to go through. (9)
- 17 The way to drag out favorable propaganda, perhaps. (8)
- 19 Lemuel comes up to shop by foot, obviously. (7)
- 20 Start to eat—you must have an inclination to do it (4,2)
- 21 Proving even the pen contains cunning. (7)
- 22 There's a song about people of the land. (7)
- 23 Likes to take plenty of trouble with things. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 641

ACROSS: 1 ACCELERATE; 6 BLUR; 10 UPSTART; 11 MAILING; 12 GOETHALS; 13 ECLAT; 15 ESSEN; 17 TOP-DRAWER; 19 and 21 O TEMPORA, O MORES; 23 HOTEL; 24 EXHAUSTS; 27 BECKONS; 28 TESTUDO; 29 APSE. DOWN: 1 ABUT; 2 CUSTOMS; 3 and 30 LEAST FLY-CATCHER; 4 RETRACTOR; 5 TIMES; 7 LAID LOW; 8 RIGHT DRESS; 9 SIDE DRUM; 14 XENOPHOBIA; 16 NAPOLEON; 18 PROPHETIC; 20 ENTICES; 22 RE-TOUCH; 24 EASEL; 25 UPSET; 26 BOOR.

DOWN

- 1 Makes the laws of ascent. (6)
- 2 I follow a poor actor to the arena, causing quite a blow. (9)
- 3 Bare skin? Nothing on? How ludicrous. (7)

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, New York

RESORT

50 Miles to FOREST HOUSE

Near enough for easy travel, far enough for an unforgettable vacation. Forest House achieves new levels of gay relaxation in inspiring surroundings. Superb food, fine accommodations, cordial hospitality. Two grand lakes. All sports.

FOREST HOUSE

Lake Mahopac, N. Y. • Tel. Mahopac 8-3449

LANGUAGES

SAY IT IN RUSSIAN. Comprehensive, up-to-date, conversational method. Effective vocabulary 6 months. Private, class, reasonable rates. Also practical, elementary correspondence course. Write Box 408, c/o The Nation or call WA 8-3755.

PRINTING

500 GUMMED NAME-ADDRESS LABELS \$1.00. Printed 3 lines. 1,000-\$1.80. Rubber Stamp \$1.25. Village Service, Dept. NA, 55 West 8th, N. Y. C. 11.

PERSONALS

FOR ESCAPISTS ONLY

When the world is too much with you, you can create your own Ivory Tower with **NODS** — the wonderfully effective noise-banishing Ear Stops. Made of Goodyear Airfoam and wax, safe and so comfortable because they mold to fit your ear. Used by noise-sensitive connoisseurs since 1940 for sounder sleep, din-free reading and study. 3 pairs (4-month supply) \$1.00 postpaid. **NODS** are guaranteed to please!

THE SLEEP LABORATORY
186 Fifth Ave. New York 10, N. Y.

PORTABLE DISHWASHER — Fully Automatic. SPECIAL \$150.00. Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Avenue (13th & 14th Sts.), N.Y.C. GR 3-7819. 1 hour free parking or 2 tokens.

MANUSCRIPTS wanted by Southern publisher. Columbia's Publishing Co., 300½ S. Beach St., Daytona Beach, Florida.

RUSSIAN teacher needs use of studio or suitable space for language instruction. Will rent or share. Write Box 409, c/o The Nation or call WA 8-3755.

WHO?

YOU, if you are looking for an employer or employee, own a resort, publishing a book, magazine or newspaper, have any service or commodity to offer.

WHAT?

SHOULD ADVERTISE it in America's oldest liberal weekly.

WHERE?

IN THE NATION you will find an ever-increasing readership composed of men and women throughout the country who read this magazine from cover to cover.

WHEN?

NOW

WHY?

FOR RESULTS!

Call or Write

THE NATION'S ADVERTISING DEPT.

333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y.

CHelsea 2-8400

Who's Writing in "New Republic"?

HERE ARE SOME RECENT ARTICLES

- **Reinhold Niebuhr**
Illusions and Realities of Liberalism
- **Robert Engler**
Oil and Politics: Six Studies
- **Leon Keyserling**
Prospects for Prosperity
- **Graham Greene**
Last Act in Indo-China
- **Thomas K. Finletter**
Disarmament and Security
- **Richard Neuberger**
On Lyndon Johnson
- **Ralph McGill**
Stevenson and the South
- **Robert R. Nathan**
Our Foreign Aid Program
- **Victor Reuther**
Labor in France
- **Francis Biddle**
Holmes and Humanism
- **Norman Thomas**
How I See the Democrats
- **Frances Perkins**
FDR's Apprenticeship
- **Bertrand Russell**
Oppenheimer's New Book
- **Gerald W. Johnson**
Mink Coats and Mulligans
- **Ralph E. Lapp**
Nuclear "Fall-Out"
- **Colin Jackson**
Interview with Ladejinsky

Is there a 'Nation' reader who is not interested in politics?

If so, he's as rare as a Democrat in Vermont, and we therefore confidently predict that *most* NATION readers will find in the NEW REPUBLIC a Journal that suits their taste *exactly*.

It was the NEW REPUBLIC which, in 1952, first drew attention nationally to the qualifications of Adlai Stevenson for the Presidency.

It is the NEW REPUBLIC which, anticipating the wide-open fight for the Presidency in 1956, publishes the sharp WASHINGTON REPORT of "TRB" (pseudonym for one of Washington's best-informed correspondents).

It is the NEW REPUBLIC which prints Gerald W. Johnson's lethal attacks on idiocy and smugness in high places.

It is the NEW REPUBLIC which analyzes: the voting record of every Congressman . . . the forthcoming primary contests in 19 states . . . individual Congressional campaigns . . . the merits and demerits of all the major candidates for President and Vice-President . . . the peculiar constitutional crisis that has resulted from the incapacitation of President Eisenhower.

This is the kind of coverage which prompts us to extend a very special, money-saving invitation to NATION readers only:

21 issues of the
"NEW REPUBLIC"

FOR ONLY **\$2**

a \$4.20
newsstand
value!

Just fill in and mail the special introductory order form below . . . and begin to enjoy, promptly, the NEW REPUBLIC'S superb weekly comment on the 1956 campaign.

FOR NATION READERS ONLY

NEW REPUBLIC 1826 Jefferson Pl., N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

Yes . . . as a reader of the NATION I would like to try the NEW REPUBLIC for 21 weeks at your special rate of \$2, which I enclose.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____